

# THE GRAPHIC

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## FIFTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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### PURELY PERSONAL.

HAVING acquired the sole control of The Graphic it will be the aim of the undersigned to give to Los Angeles and Southern California a high-grade weekly publication that shall take editorial cognizance of the live questions of the day, local, state, and national, discussing the same from an independent viewpoint, in a manner that shall please those who agree with the pronouncements and challenge the intellect of those who disagree with them. Municipal affairs will be treated fairly and broadly, the welfare of the entire community and its ethical uplift being ever foremost in mind. Marked attention will be paid to current literature, and reviews of new books will be a notable feature of The Graphic with each recurring issue. Music and the drama will be accorded liberal space, the best talent obtainable being associated with the editor in considering these topics. Art matters at home and abroad will be intelligently treated, and in social affairs, particularly, a well-conducted department will attest the purpose of the new management to fill this field in a way deserving of the confidence of those most interested. Automobile gossip and kindred high-class sports will not be neglected. Stocks, bonds, and matters of finance, all of which are of moment to the readers we seek to reach, will be given proper perspective. In brief, The Graphic will strive to offer a weekly colla-

tion of choice reading that shall cheer the depressed, attract the dilettanti, tickle the fancies of the imaginative, prove a delight to those of a literary bent, afford satisfaction to the pugnacious, convey peace to the unrest of spirit, strike a responsive chord in the breasts of the sober-inclined, uncover a mine of attic salt to those fond of quip and jest, appeal to the fair-minded and clean-minded everywhere and so win the respect of all.

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER.

### BAITING OF TWO SOULS.

DUE to the fact that the copyright law between this country and Austria-Hungary could not protect a play that was produced before the law went into effect, and through a failure of the author to take proper steps to correct this flaw Ferenc Molnar's celebrated, but repugnant drama, anglicized under the title of "The Devil," is being given simultaneous production on two different stages in Los Angeles at this writing. In taking advantage of so unusual a condition of affairs our alert local theatrical managers are but following in the path of their New York colleagues, where a similar dual spectacle is presented at rival theaters.

It is anything but an attractive picture that is being held up to the gaze of the avid audiences that are thronging the two theaters. Imagine a personal devil who has been intangible, disembodied and under fair control, suddenly taking on human form and enunciating aloud, not only to his specially chosen victims, but in the ears of a curious multitude those insidiously vicious thoughts that inspire to the ruin of all who yield to their influence. There is no counter-irritant, no good spirit present to battle for the souls that are being swept along into the maelstrom formed by their unholy passions, so devilishly lashed into action. From the initial appearance of the fiend incarnate, to his final exit, a hopeless wrecking of two beautiful lives, lured to their destruction by the cynical tongue and suggestive ideas of their tempter, is inevitable.

It is the baiting of two souls by the antithesis of that One who announced Himself as a fisher of men. Even as Satan tried to tempt the Savior by taking Him to the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, there to show him the glories of the world he offered in exchange for his allegiance, so this dramatized devil takes the inflammable artist and the lovely wife of a rich patron and by his subtle arts and devices, his cunning machinations, shows them a specious Paradise, to which they, at last, eagerly turn and, entering its gates, are lost.

Cheap cynicism, arrant sophistry, fallacious arguments, and a playing upon human weaknesses so well known to the prince of tempters, are among the methods employed by the materialized evil spirit to accomplish his fell purpose. Step by step the unwilling victims approach their ruin, impelled, in spite of their predilections, to disregard the innate promptings of their better selves, which strive impotently for domination. Whenever there is a possible chance to escape the coils, instantly appears his satanic majesty with a fresh invoice of beguiling suggestions that choke the purer thoughts struggling for expression. It is a play so hopelessly pessimistic, so utterly unwholesome, so

peculiarly unpleasant that no one who witnesses it can come away feeling the least bit edified or helped by the experience. It is to be regretted, in such circumstances as we now confront, that a censor of plays is an unknown factor in this country. Naturally, one cannot find a single uplifting thought, a single inspiration to good deeds or pure living in this ill-smelling drama. With the devil dominating every act, what else could be expected, indeed?

### CONAN DOYLE ON DIVORCE.

WE ARE inclined to agree with Conan Doyle (Sir Arthur), who declares that a greater amount of preventable misery arises from the operation of the divorce laws than from any other cause in the social life of Great Britain. The creator of Sherlock Holmes would make divorce easier to obtain than now. He advocates a more rational system of legal separation, being convinced that a vast majority of the community is entitled to it. He asserts that Christians fix their eyes so intently on isolated texts that they lose sight of the broad spirit of christianity and consequently contempt is brought on the church. "Compare this spirit," he continues, "with the pedantic, heartless system which would refuse to bury an unbaptized baby with its dead mother and would, as was reaffirmed by eighty-seven fathers of the church the other day, refuse to allow a man or a woman to have a chance at happiness in marriage because, through no fault of their own, they had already suffered great unhappiness."

It is time that the church of England, which has a firm grip on legislation in the house of lords, as witness the many decades it took to pass the famous deceased wife's sister bill,—is steadfastly opposed to letting down the matrimonial bars for any cause but that of infidelity. Sir Arthur is convinced that countless numbers, now fretting their souls in mismatched wedlock, would hail as a second Savior of mankind that one who would devote his life to the cause of loosing their shackles. What is needed before success can be attained is a strong central body, with extended local branches and definite political influence. The fight against medievalism and bigotry will be long and hard, thinks the talented author, but those who take part in it will have their strength upheld by the knowledge that they battle for thousands of scattered, helpless people who are unable to fight for themselves.

In this country the divorce laws are flexible enough, heaven knows, and in too many states the grounds of complaints are the reverse of those advanced by the English author. What is needed here more than anything else, is a uniform divorce law, which apparently only national legislation can give. Agitation looking to this end is quite as much of a desirability as the rational system Sir Arthur Conan Doyle advocates across the Atlantic. Fortunately, the defect is so generally recognized that its cure cannot be much longer delayed. As a matter of fact, all except four of the states—South Carolina, Kansas, Mississippi and Nevada—have co-operated in drafting a uniform divorce bill, which the legislatures of the various states will be asked to enact into laws. Under its provisions, divorce either final, or merely "from bed and board," may be granted for adultery, bigamy, wilful desertion for two years, conviction, sentence



and continuous punishment for two years, or extreme cruelty, such as to endanger the life or health of the other party. Provision is also made for the annulment of marriages improperly contracted.

While California's divorce law is not so lax as in the sister state of Washington, for example, where judges are empowered to annul the marriage tie upon the showing that parties to the contract cannot, or do not, live together in peace and happiness, still there is room for improvement. Instead of two years' residence required, as in the proposed uniform law, half that time only is obligatory and one year for desertion, plain habitual drunkenness and neglect. Collusion between the applicants for legal separation is of frequent occurrence. Only last week Judge Bordwell had occasion to deny divorce to a Pasadena woman, who sued for freedom on the grounds of desertion, when it was shown that the derelict husband had compelled his wife to bring the action, so that he might marry her sister, her bribe being a property settlement in the event of the granting of the application. After all, the best way to preserve the integrity of the home is to avoid hasty, ill-assorted marriages. Instead of rushing blindly into matrimony, after a hurried courtship, if more time were given to preliminary acquaintanceship, with opportunity to recede without detriment to either party, in case of mutual disappointment, there would be fewer divorces. It is not trial marriages that are needed, but trial courtships of longer duration than at present obtain.

#### REINFORCEMENTS FOR LA FOLLETTE.

PRIMARY reformers are greatly encouraged by the success of Mr. Joseph L. Bristow in the Kansas contest in which Senator Long was flouted by the plain people in his efforts to secure a renomination. As Mr. Bristow is a progressivist in politics, indications are that Mr. La Follette of Wisconsin will find the atmosphere in the upper chamber of Congress a trifle less chilly than the official bulb has recorded in previous sessions. That is, he will be the warmer by reason of the advent of one and perhaps two colleagues who are not disposed to fall in line when Senator Aldrich cracks the party whip. His other coadjutor is likely to be Governor Cummins of Iowa, who is considered a sure winner in the struggle now under way to carry off the senatorial toga, which the death of Senator Allison has rendered ownerless. With Messrs. Cummins, Bristow and La Follette earnestly striving for tariff revision the cause of the common people will be notably strengthened in the entrenched home of the predatory trusts.

Another primary contest of great interest was that fought in Illinois between United States Senator Hopkins, Ex-United States Senator "Billy" Mason and Congressman George Edmund Foss, who has represented the tenth Illinois district for seven successive terms in the lower house. Mr. Hopkins is a machine-made statesman, whose predilections for taking care of his own interests first, last and all the time, have been pretty thoroughly exploited. Veteran Washington correspondents could tell a great deal of the shameful antics of "Billy" Mason at the national capital, when the Illinois Central railroad's special counsel was misrepresenting the state that gave the country a Lincoln, a Logan and a Douglas. His drunken orgies at Washington back in the early 90's were so notorious that decent newspapermen were loath to keep silent and that his atrocious conduct was not exposed in the manner it deserved was because of the unhappy reflection such action would have cast on the great state of Illinois.

It is incredible that in the recent primary elec-

tion contest this mountebank in politics should have polled upward of sixty thousand votes, but it is accountable only by reason of the fact that his peccadilloes at the capital were not published, hence the general public was unaware of his lapses. In Chicago, where he was more thoroughly known, the returns gave Foss a handsome majority, his total in city and state being in excess of eighty thousand votes. Hopkins, however, had a lead of fifteen thousand over Foss. But for the interjection of the impossible "Billy" Mason undoubtedly the junior senator would have been discredited. As it is the legislature is not bound to name the Aurora man since he failed to receive a majority vote. Then, too, the expression at the polls was merely advisory and in no sense mandatory. If Foss carries his fight to Springfield he may yet attain his ambition. As chairman of the naval affairs committee in the house he has achieved an enviable success and has earned promotion.

#### COL. FOX'S DISTURBING POINT.

IS THE board of public works exceeding its powers granted by the charter in electing to do certain tunnel work on the aqueduct right-of-way instead of awarding the contract to the lowest responsible bidder, as the law contemplates? President Hubbard, to whom the question has been referred by The Graphic, says the board is acting with the advice of the city attorney, who has found legal authority for ignoring the apparent mandatory clause in the charter, which, in Section 148, provides:

That all contracts for labor, materials or supplies required for any public service, work or improvement, of which the board of public works has charge, superintendence or control, must be let to the lowest regular responsible bidder, after advertisement, etc; except that in emergency cases, and in cases where the proposed expenditure does not exceed \$500, contracts may be let without advertising for or inviting bids.

That picturesque individual, Col. E. R. Fox, is the gentleman who has raised this interesting point, and he may decide to test the board's right, in the courts, in departing from what appears to be the only legal course. He will be remembered as the contractor who bid on the wet section of the outfall sewer, offering to do the work, if memory is not elusive, for \$425,000. City Engineer Hamlin thought he could do better for the taxpayers, however, and took over the job. According to Col. Fox it cost the city \$627,000, or \$200,000 more than his responsible bid. If his figures are correct the precedent so established is not alluring, for a fifty per cent extra charge on a \$425,000 contract is likely to mean a proportionate advance in cost on the greater undertaking now essayed by the city. We say, likely, for private contractors ever have had the faculty of getting more work in a given time, at less cost, out of their employes, than a public corporation could command. However Superintendent Mulholland is a tireless worker himself, and he will not tolerate loafing in any department for which he is responsible.

It is understood the challenge of the board of public works' action arises through the rejection of all bids in what is known as the Jawbone section of the Aqueduct. Col. Fox was not the lowest bidder, but he asserts that his was the lowest responsible bid and responsibility, he claims, is the only legal standard by which to make awards. The board having elected to do the work itself, the Colonel now insists that as no emergency exists and as the proposed expenditure is in excess of \$500 the board is proceeding illegally. Col. Fox, by the way, won his title in Central America. At the close of the civil war he was mustered out in Texas. His adventurous spirit carried him across the line and, later, in Mexico

and beyond, he indulged in the gentle art of filibustering, so popular in the sixties in the Latin-American states. In time he forsook this sport for more serious civil pursuits, and for two decades engaged in bridge and tunnel building and railroad construction. He is accounted an expert in tunnel work, and having acquired a comfortable fortune may be said to be thoroughly responsible financially. It might be advisable for the board of public works to forestall Col. Fox by getting the best legal talent available to pass on the question he has raised.

#### FOR REPUBLICANS TO PONDER.

IT is yet too early in the campaign to estimate accurately the temper of the sovereign electors in regard to their choice for the White House occupant, but straws point to the popular preference of the tried and proved Taft to the picturesque and always entertaining Peerless One, Mr. Bryan. It is already apparent, however, that no unbounded enthusiasm exists for the Republican ticket, a state of affairs attributable to the note of insincerity interjected in the Chicago convention, when that professional standpatter and close member of the Cannon oligarchy, "Sunny Jim" Sherman, was forced upon the party as running mate to Taft. In nowise is Sherman to be regarded as of presidential timber, such as every vice-president should be, theoretically, at least. In this regard Mr. Sherman is not to be considered seriously.

That Taft will be elected in spite of his handicap we firmly believe, but it will be because the people have confidence in his honesty of purpose, and put more faith in his definite and specific letter of acceptance, outlining his proposed policies, than in the vague generalities and specious promises of Opportunist Bryan. The reforms begun by Roosevelt they hope to see carried out by Taft to their logical conclusion, and having faith in his sincerity they will take a chance on his maintaining the four years' term, to the exclusion of Sherman. In the language of the insurance underwriters, he is a good risk.

Let not the leaders of the Republican party too readily assume that the rank and file voters are beguiled by the weak plank in the platform promising tariff revision, "with a reasonable profit for the manufacturer." Who is to pass on the "reasonable" profit? The ways and means committee of the lower house of Congress. And who are the gentlemen composing that committee? As chairman we have that noble standpatter, Sereno E. Payne of New York, with John Dalzell, "Pittsburg Dal," second in command. Mr. Dalzell has been maintained at the capital for twenty years by the steel trust, and his sole duty is to look after the interests of his principals. He has been a faithful henchman. Boutell of Illinois is another loyal servitor of the entrenched trusts, Watson of Indiana a fourth, and our own James Carson Needham of Modesto is equally subservient. Then there is McCall of Massachusetts, Fordney of Michigan, Gaines of West Virginia, Son-in-Law Nicholas Longworth of Ohio, and a few more of the same dependable stripe. O, it is a gallant company of standpatters!

If the country has suffered a setback from the too rapid living that the last decade of hot-house prosperity has engendered, whose the fault? Not of the plain people, not of the artisan, the clerk, the mechanic, the day laborer. Hardly. Their wages have been advanced a trifle, but where their income has been jumped fifteen per cent, their cost of living has been enhanced three times. Who has reaped the advantage, the difference? The predatory trusts, which, thanks to legalized



robbery is filching half a billion dollars yearly from the pockets of the consumers, a majority of whom live in the West.

All this our Republican representatives at Washington from California are ready to admit, privately, yet they say, also privately, when taxed with their supineness, "But what are we to do? Our citrus fruits need protection, and unless we vote with our party and agree to the ipse dixit of the Cannon oligarchy, our people will suffer and we shall be discredited at home?"

We admit their position is an embarrassing one; but the fault lies in the conditions that prevail, in the very fact that the trusts control the ways and means committee, absolutely, and through the threat of retaliation on articles that seem to need protection keep their own premises clear of poachers. This could be obviated if we had an expert tariff commission in continuous service, such as Germany, a protected country, has found it profitable to establish, and which principle Senator Beveridge has endorsed in a bill he has introduced. Take the tariff out of politics, and make it what it is, a business man's problem, to be settled on sound economic principles, and the claws of the ways and means committee will be clipped close. We believe in the policy of protection, but only when needed, and, as the Ohio platform has admirably stated, with just enough impost to effect the difference in the cost of production in this country and abroad. If this were accomplished, no matter if the citrus fruits received less protection than now, the growers would be immeasurably better off in the end.

It is because The Graphic loves the Republican party for its many virtues that it would strive to eliminate from it the vice that now threatens to sap its vitality and destroy its usefulness. Already signs of disintegration are apparent to the discerning student. If the standpatters, who choose to call themselves conservatives, are to remain in control, it will be only through a realignment of forces with the same element in the Democratic ranks. The progressivists are alert and aggressive. Before another presidential campaign, unless the Republican reactionaries are repudiated, their numerical strength will be such that the election of 1912 will reveal a badly routed remnant of the Old Guard fleeing to the caves of gloom for a long period of hibernation.

#### GRAPHITES.

This has been a strenuous week for Los Angeles. Monday, being Labor day, was devoted principally to a brutal slugging match, at which seven thousand American lovers of "sport" yelled their delight when one pug, in his zeal to gather in the lion's share of the gate receipts, jabbed his fist in the eyes of his opponent until he had successfully bathed them in blood and rendered their owner practically blind. Tuesday morning our great journals of civilization portrayed the glorious event in glowing phraseology and protracted space, several points of view of the ringside being generously afforded by the beneficent managements. Truly, we are an advanced nation, and the kindly forethought of our moulders of public opinion cannot be too highly commended. As all future holidays appear to be pre-empted by that philanthropic citizen, Hon. Jim. Jeffries, we respectfully suggest that no conflicting entertainments be permitted to occupy his dates, lest they detract in any particular from his uplifting and educational exhibits.

Shocking and sad was the tragedy of Wednesday that deprived the police force of a loyal officer and Los Angeles of a good citizen. The killing of Captain Aule in the pursuit of his duty by a

young thug of murderous proclivities, jarred the whole community to its center. That the slayer of the veteran thief-taker himself committed suicide was a distinct relief, and a thoughtful act. The public, in consequence, is spared many columns of mushy description, of faked interviews, of silly hyperbole and slushy comment—also the expense of trial. For that much, at least, we should be grateful. To term the dead murderer a socialist, who gorged himself on "red" literature, as one of our esteemed dailies did, is profoundly stupid. There is a difference as far apart as the opposing poles between a socialist and an anarchist. The latter is popularly supposed to feed his brains, or what pass for such, on gory pabulum, which would abolish all government, while the true socialist would give us even more government than we have or want. It is to be hoped the city council will endeavor to secure a liberal appropriation for the widow and children of Captain Aule in addition to the pension money his term of service has earned.

Having settled by a concurrent vote that Catharine of Arragon was legally united to Henry VIII, the Chicago board of education ought to try to get word to the deceased queen. It is a bit discouraging to think she has slumbered for several centuries, but what is that to the average Chicago man! If the educational board has nothing more exciting on hand we might pass up to that impartial and perspicacious tribunal a few of our knotty divorce cases that have been worrying our local jurists of late. It would lighten an overcrowded calendar, and decidedly relieve the distressed judges who are compelled to listen to the forensic arguments of the eminent counsel on both sides.

After all, the board of county supervisors merely followed the precedent set by the city in the manner of awarding the \$3,500,000 bond issue to the purchasing syndicate. As the city did what it believed was for the best, possibly the county also acted upon that principle, but perhaps it is as well for the advisory committee to investigate the merits of the transaction. Should it appear that the supervisors could have made a better bargain by offering the bonds in the open market, then the three members who arranged the affair are deserving of the severest censure for neglecting to do their duty by the taxpayers. This is the question that confronts the investigators, and their findings will be awaited with keen interest by a curious public. It is a disappointment to lovers of good roads to find this unpleasant entanglement confronting them so soon after the successful campaign which resulted in the generous endorsement of the movement at the polls.

Evidently, Mr. William H. Carlson, the much-embarrassed president of the Consolidated bank, refuses to be downed. Although under heavy bonds on the charges that he made false entries in the bank's books, and unlawfully appropriated funds of the institution, he bobs up serenely in the morning papers with a half-page advertisement of his railroad venture, whose bonds he is trying to market, assuring prospective buyers that he personally will guarantee good financial returns on the investment. It is a pity Mr. Carlson cannot be accorded a long rope without knots. He is a picturesque rustler, who will make good with his creditors if he is given half a chance. To prove that we are in earnest in this belief we would not discount our claim upon him—and it amounts to several hundred dollars—for half its face value, in cash.

#### BY THE WAY.

##### "Joe" Scott Back.

After a trip of more than usual interest abroad, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Scott returned this week to their home in this city. While in Europe they were accorded many special favors including a private audience with the pope. Mr. Scott has given to The Graphic a vivid and entertaining account of his trip: "Mrs. Scott and I left Los Angeles early in July and sailed on the Lusitania. The accommodations aboard are wonderful and our sea trip was the best part of our travel. Arriving in Liverpool we first went to London. One feature of our visit there was an evening at the Covent Garden theater, where we witnessed the presentation of "Madame Butterfly" with Signor Campanini in the leading role. One of the most noticeable customs to me was the audacious use of opera glasses. We had the opportunity of seeing the king and queen, who occupied a box at the performance, and they as well as others in the audience were made the cynosure of countless lorgnettes and opera glasses. From London we went to my old college at Ushaw in the northern part of England, where I delivered an address at the centennial celebration. Next we went to Rome to see Cardinal Merry del Valle, who was my professor when at Ushaw. He is now papal secretary of state and the most powerful ecclesiastic next to the pope. Through his influence and kindness we were granted a private audience with his holiness, who received us very affectionately and with kindly greetings.

##### Pen Picture of the Pope.

"As near as I can describe the personality and appearance of the pope he is a great, big, warm-hearted old man, full of vigor and energy, with a heart big enough to love everybody in the world. Love and kindness are his two dominating characteristics. While the son of a peasant, and not ashamed to own it, he is a man possessed of dignity and grace sufficient to fill the highest office. He was the cardinal patriarch of Venice before being elected pope and was the idol of all classes of the Venetians. The story is told that every day he goes to a corner of the Vatican garden and looks longingly toward Venice, which beloved city he will never see again, for he is practically a prisoner in the Vatican. Despite reports to the contrary the pope is enjoying exceptionally good health. It was our privilege to be present at the celebration of the fifth anniversary of the pope's coronation, which took place in the Sistine chapel. There we saw many of the Roman cardinals and also two of the American prelates, Cardinal Gibbon and Archbishop Farley. We heard the famous Sistine chorus, composed of seventy male voices, led by Mgr. Perosi. A noticeable feature is that there is no organ or other accompaniment. Rome of course is a city full of intense interest to lovers of old as well as new Italy. Our trip was necessarily a short one and after a week in the capital we went to Paris. One marked feature in traveling abroad is the small, hot, stuffy cars and the inconveniences which one has to put up with.

##### At the Olympic Games.

"From Paris we went again to London, where we saw the Franco-British exposition. When in London the first time we witnessed the Olympic games. We were patriotically enthusiastic over the American victories as were all other Americans there. We were pleased over the victory of the United States contestants in the hurdle race and broad jump and disappointed to see the American



beaten in the 100-yard dash. There was an intense feeling manifested over the American supremacy in athletics and against the protest of the Americans against the interpretation of the rules. I was interested in the progress of radical legislation in England, especially in the old-age pension act, whereby the government has agreed to give pensions to aged people of limited income, and legal benefits to laboring men injured in pursuit of their work. Likewise the demonstration of the suffragettes attracted my attention. Tipping is a system in Europe which is an abomination. However, it is the American's fault to a degree, for not only have the liberal-handed Americans spoiled the tipping system for themselves, but they have made traveling for the European man of limited means almost impossible, with any degree of comfort and accommodations.

#### Growing Respect for Americans

"Just a word as to the European people. They regard Theodore Roosevelt as one of the greatest American presidents. While there is a rapidly growing respect for the American citizens, jealousy and prejudice against our country is not yet extinct. The European nation as a whole is becoming more and more interested in American politics and our public life. At present there is an intense interest noted in the maneuvers of the American fleet. We are still regarded universally as being a strenuous people and it is the general impression that a business man here must have an almost inconceivable amount of vitality and energy. One Englishman, whom I met, said in this regard that while he frequently came over to America for a visit he was so worn out at the end of three weeks that he was glad to go home again to rest. In Ireland we visited the Lakes of Killarney and came back to the United States by way of Canada, Quebec and Montreal. In the eastern cities I noted that street car traffic is being handled more expeditiously and safely. Policemen dominate at the street crossings with all authority and judgment of the London bobbies. Chauffeurs and feverish hack-drivers are beginning to appreciate the checking of the street traffic and Los Angeles could well afford to take a lesson and make a similar innovation here. With all we saw abroad we are most glad to return again to America and especially to our Los Angeles. Traveling is a pleasure but particularly so when home lies at the end of one's journeys."

#### Impending Changes on the Bench.

Just at this time members of the bar in Los Angeles are discussing two subjects of particular interest. One has to do with the expected early change in the personnel of the supreme court, and the other with the prospective additions to the superior bench. That Supreme Justice McFarland is booked for an early retirement is generally believed. He has been seriously ill for months, and although gossip from San Francisco has it that the patriarch of the highest of the state's legal tribunals is stronger than for a long time, information comes that the eminent jurist is close to the end of what has been an exceptionally interesting career. It was Justice McFarland, it will be recalled, who rendered the minority opinion in the issue wherein the initiative section of the Los Angeles charter was affirmed. The old gentleman insists that we are going to the demnition bowwows, politically, down here, as fast as we can. Justice McFarland has been on the supreme bench for nearly twenty years, being as well known in the southern end of the state as he is in the north. I believe he was elected from Sacramento, where he was a United States land official years ago, unless I am mistaken. His retirement when it

arrives is pretty certain to elevate one from this part of the state to the vacancy. Where the facts are pretty well known it is surmised that the new associate justice of the supreme court will be either Justice M. T. Allen of the Appellate bench or Superior Judge Will James. Behind the former will be found the political influence represented by United States Senator Frank P. Flint, while with Judge James undoubtedly will be aligned the remainder of what may be referred to here as the regular Republican organization. Personally, I am of the opinion when the McFarland vacancy is filled, it will be found that Justice Allen and Judge James have arranged it so that the state as a whole will be the gainer. I am convinced that both will attain promotion. It is not unlikely that Justice Allen will be given the position upon the supreme bench, leaving Judge James to be elevated to the appellate court. The former pays \$10,000 a year, while the salary of the appellate justices in Los Angeles is \$6,000 a year.

#### Two Noted Judges.

Newspaper men hereabouts are especially proud of Will James. He was one of the guild for years, serving as court reporter of the Times, and his advancement along the lines of his life work has been of a kind that should appeal to any youngster ambitious for a career. Lawyers of discrimination have a high regard for Judge James' legal attainments, and the sentiment is general that his promotion would be merited. So far as Justice Allen is concerned he is ranked as one of the soundest lawyers on the bench in California and his elevation to the state's highest court would be only a matter of a short time, in ordinary circumstances. In that connection, partially, I never have seen it stated in print that Judge Gray, who was sidetracked by politics while a member of the court of appeals two years ago, has for many months been a member of what was formerly the law firm with which Senator Flint was associated. Strangely enough, part of the political influence that is exceedingly friendly to Senator Flint and his following is responsible for Judge Gray's retirement from the bench.

#### Mayor Weidner Sounds Well.

Writing of things political I wonder if I am violating a confidence in stating that the regular Republican organization may allure into the open, as its candidate for mayor next year, no less a personage than Perry A. Weidner, president of the Park bank, thirty-third degree mason, and prominent citizen generally. I am told this has been practically decided upon, the whole matter resting with the victim altogether. Mr. Weidner has been a resident of Los Angeles upward of a decade and in that time he has attracted a personal following which is well worth while. He all but escaped a seat in the state senate in the recent primary unpleasantness, and at the last moment, almost, after he had decided he owed it to friends to get into the running, of which he had anything but a pleasant anticipation, a more willing candidate was uncovered who relieved him of his dilemma.

#### Will Jeffries as a Moses.

In other quarters it is whispered that the mayoralty nomination, so far as the Republican end is concerned, will go to Will P. Jeffries, whose able parliamentary expounding in the late Republican county convention won for him the title of a second Moses, so remarkable was his law-giving while he wielded the gavel out at Shrine auditorium. Jeffries looked pretty good to a large number of the leaders who appear to be at the Republican

helm down this way, until some one remarked casually that while Citizen Jeffries as such, is all that can be desired, as the head of a non-union print shop the Republican candidate for mayor might need to do considerable explaining to a few thousand voters. That apparently ended the Jeffries boom, at least for the time.

#### Sackville West's Faux Pas.

In discussing the death of the late Lord Sackville West, former British minister to the United States, the esteemed Express fell into slight error. Lord Sackville West was not dismissed by President Cleveland because he had favored the election of Benjamin Harrison, as the Express writer stated. To the contrary, the British minister in his celebrated Murchison letter, written in Pomona by the by, favored the success of the Democratic national ticket. Will Taylor, now of the Examiner staff, was city editor of the Times when that journal landed its celebrated international news beat, and while the identity of the real author of the letter is not known there is a well-grounded belief that General Otis and Henry T. Gage are among the few who could point a finger of identification toward the culprit.

#### Democrats Sour on Heney.

Contrary to prediction, the work of Francis J. Heney was not endorsed by the last Democratic state convention. That appears to me to have been a tactical error on the part of Theodore A. Bell and his cohorts, although I can imagine that the rank and file of California Democrats are somewhat miffed because Mr. Heney, at one time a leader among them, openly espoused the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican cause more than a year ago. The California democracy, however, appears to have been wise enough to have swallowed all of the things the Republican state convention declined to masticate, such as a proposed constitutional amendment for woman suffrage, anti-racing, and a thrust at the Southern Pacific. The proposal to do away with local taxation of public utility corporations was not endorsed, which students of politics aver was the best thing the California Democratic state leaders did at Stockton.

#### Translation of Luther Brown.

Remember Luther Brown? It will not surprise me to learn that he has shaken the dust of Los Angeles from his feet. I believe the former manager for Congressman James McLachlan has determined to take his chances permanently with the flesh pots of San Francisco. His beautiful and vivacious wife likes the atmosphere over toward San Rafael, where her parents have a charming home, and thitherward Luther hies on the five o'clock boat every evening. Ethically and spiritually, I believe his marriage has done much for Luther. I found him and his wife journeying north the other day, on the coast train, reading aloud to each other—what do you think? A curious old treatise on the immortality of the soul, while a standard work on psychology lay on the seat beside her. They read much together, selecting the best books, and they are as wrapped up in each other as though their wedding was of a few days' history instead of two years.

#### Investors Not Worrying.

My attention is called to the fact that, although the city at one time, recently, looked as if it was very much overbuilt, rents in the business section have not been materially reduced. I have not noticed that the Central building and others of the



important blocks are crowded with tenants, but they are fairly well filled, however. Notwithstanding this, new buildings in the business section continue to be planned and constructed. In the matter of dwelling houses, the general statement among real estate men is that while the cheaper flats continue a drag on the market desirable homes for renting are more in demand than ever before. It would appear that we are to have a pretty good winter.

#### Newspapers Were Napping.

Would it not have been ordinary enterprise for the usually alert dailies to have paid enough attention to local news to have published the pictures of Byron Erchenbrecher and of Eugene Germain, with a sketch of the life history of each? Here are two citizens of prominence, one a district elector on the Republican ticket and the other a candidate for elector-at-large on the Democratic ticket, with the populace unfamiliar with the career or of the pulchritudinous appearance of either man.

#### Ghouls of the Daily Press.

I had occasion to drop into a bank a few days ago, where the paying teller, I think it was, had been the subject of several columns of newspaper comment the same day. This particular chap is one of the kind who takes his medicine. He has a habit of biting his lip under the lash, and not letting out a whimper, no matter how severe the hurt. In the case in point, the friends of the victim are convinced he is being blackmailed by an adventuress. If that conclusion is correct, I shall lose no time in joining the constantly-increasing number of persons who regard the daily press not only as a collective nuisance, but also as a menace. The newspapers have cost the paying teller his position and have made it hard for him to secure another.

#### Busy Richard Barry.

Richard Barry, war correspondent, of whom Los Angelans are justly proud as a local product, is rusticated for an indefinite period at Monrovia, where he has been ever since he brought his pretty bride down from San Francisco, at the close of the fleet festivities. Barry was with the Evans ships from Hampton Roads, representing the Hearst papers. His parents live in the foothill section, where his talented father conducts a newspaper. A new book from his pen is promised soon and I understand the charming Mrs. Richard has a play under way.

#### Why "Zee" Was Unhappy.

If the associates of Secretary Zeehandelaar notice that he walks with a sprightlier gait and with a less corrugated brow than appertained to him a week ago I can explain the reason. He and his family have a cottage at Ocean Park for the summer. Their sojourn at the beach resort was a period of uninterrupted bliss until one fatal day when the adjoining cottage was rented and occupied by a quartette of gay bachelors from the California club. These four young men were addicted to late hours, much company and joyful songs. For three weeks their front door stood wide open, and I suspect the back door was used surreptitiously, but that is merely a surmise. When Zee and his family would sleep they couldn't, their gay neighbors were too effervescently inclined. This was the fly in the ointment of Zee's summer outing. One time only did he unconsciously score on the bachelor crowd. After forty-eight hours of convivialities the young men turned in for a much-needed night's repose. Unfortunately, Zee was having a children's party at his house that evening and the youngsters made the welkin ring until after

midnight, while the four desperately tired bachelors vainly wooed the god of sleep. All the curtains in the cottages to the right and left were nailed down during their advent. Now the rooms are being aired. The bachelor quarters are vacated and Zee is happier.

#### Dr. Beckett's Rough Jolt.

Dr. W. W. Beckett, member of the board of directors and of the executive board of the Pacific Mutual Insurance company, had an exasperating experience recently. He was enjoying an outing with his family near San Jose, when he received a sudden call to Los Angeles. He reached the station half an hour before train time to find the sleeping berths all taken. Boarding the coast limited, he was curtly informed by the Pullman conductor that there was nothing left in the standard cars and only an upper remained vacant in the tourist. Ruefully he accepted Hobson's choice and as he was very tired he turned in, or up, early. Imagine his disgust next morning to find the lower berth had not been occupied. But that was not the worst blow. Happening to mention his plight later in the day to W. D. Woolwine, that heartless cynic gleefully exclaimed: "If I had known you were on the train you might have had the upper over me in the standard car. It was not sold."

#### Politeness to a Chink.

Who does not know the polite and accommodating depot master at the Santa Fe station, ex-Conductor Hixon? A more urbane individual never lightened the woes of the traveling public, I dare swear. Tuesday my friend, Joseph T. Bumiller chanced to be at the station looking up a strayed car, when he overheard a mild-looking Chinaman of advanced age ask the philanthropic Hixon where he could buy a ticket for San Francisco. The attentive official was on the point of telling his inquirer that he was in the wrong pew, so to speak, and that he wanted the Southern Pacific road, when his natural, Chesterfieldian desire to please asserted itself. He remembered, suddenly, the beautiful scenery along the line of the Santa Fe between Barstow and Stockton and mentally decided that the Chinaman would enjoy it. With a fatherly air he conducted him to the ticket office, where another obliging official passed out the requisite strip of wall paper.

"When your train go?" asked the celestial.

"Tomorrow morning," returned Hixon sweetly "or, if you will, you can leave this evening and remain overnight at Barstow."

"No. I go tomorrow," was the answer, as Hixon bowed him out of the station.

#### "Bill" Nevins and the Nature Faker.

"Bill" Nevins is a capital story-teller and, except for Al Barker and W. D. Woolwine, it were hard to find his equal. The other night, at the club, the subject of duck hunting was broached to which the versatile Mr. Nevins contributed this choice bit: "I was out at the Greenwing and having selected a good blind got off early with my gun. I noticed a young fellow just ahead but as he carried no gun I supposed he was merely enjoying the scenery. After I got settled I tried a few shots but the birds were shy and seemed perturbed. Presently, I saw that the chan in the next blind was the cause of their uneasiness. I concluded to take a peep at him so crawled out for a good look. The fellow was acting like a crazy man. Every little while he would dart through the tall lush weeds as fast as the wet going would permit and apparently throw himself flat on the water. For half an hour I watched his antics at a distance, and then concluded to get

a nearer view for I thought the fellow might need attention. As I approached I recognized my early-morning acquaintance and in a few minutes I fathomed his game. He was one of those nature fakers and was taking snap shots at the ducks. Such a disgust! No more shooting for me that day."

#### As Chicago Sees Him.

Senator Flint's numerous friends and followers in Los Angeles will be interested in reading the following, which I have carefully clipped from the Chicago Evening Post. This intimate view of California's junior senator I imagine was written by Edward B. Clark, Washington staff correspondent of the Post, who has drawn slightly upon his imagination in treating of the retirement of Senator Bard and the successorship of our own Frank. Mr. Clark says:

Frank Putnam Flint of Los Angeles, Cal., is the only pink-cheeked man in the United States senate. It is the pink of health, and as Senator Flint is in a robust condition physically and is robust in his Republicanism, it is practically certain that he will be found stumping the state of California from end to end—a long distance, by the way—on behalf of Candidate Taft. This junior California senator makes an interesting and appealing speech without reaching any Rocky Mountain heights of oratory. He is a mighty good lawyer, and lawyerlike, he knows how to marshal and present arguments. Six years ago Senator Flint was United States district attorney for Southern California. Then Senator Bard, who at that time represented California in the upper house in Washington, thought that Flint had held office long enough. There was not any charge to bring against the district attorney, and he wanted to hold on to his position, but Senator Bard refused to say the word to the President that would have given District Attorney Flint another appointment. Accordingly, Mr. Flint lost the district attorneyship, but in losing it another ambition came to him. He made up his mind that he would be United States senator sooner or later, and that it would be, from his point of view at least, something of poetic justice if he could succeed Senator Bard, the man who was responsible for his loss of the district attorneyship. Mr. Flint went to work, and, as some one else has put it, "he found that it was easier to win the senatorship than to hold his job as district attorney." He beat Bard and took his seat in the senate of the United States.

I dislike to cast any reflections upon so picturesque a story, but I suspect Senator Flint will be greatly amused to learn that for six years he harbored the notion of poetic justice coming to him by dislodging the Hueneme statesman from his seat in the upper house that he might occupy it. To all the other neat expressions concerning our pink-cheeked senator I cheerfully subscribe.

#### It is "Citizen" Mines Now.

This week sees the severance of the political relations of Will Mines with his mother country and instead of owing allegiance to King Edward the popular young Canadian becomes a full-fledged citizen of the United States. The Republican party will be the gainer by this move, much to the chagrin of Will's energetic partner, Oscar E. Farish, who is a leading spirit in local Democratic councils. His vote, he mournfully admits, from now on will be nullified by the ballot cast by the newly-made citizen. I believe there is one other Democratic vote in the Mines and Farish camp on Hill street, but the other twelve men affiliated with the office acknowledge that Taft will have their support next November.

#### Taking Their Annual Bath.

Today the Jonathan club members, to the number of several hundred, are rusticated at Santa Monica, on invitations. Special cars have been provided, and the entertainment will end with the setting of the sun, when dinner and all that goes with it is to be provided.



## ADAM AND EVE IN THE SUBURBS.

By Madge Clover.

What the spring does to a young man's fancy is notorious; but what it does to Adam and Eve wandering hand in hand in search of a garden, has not been so poetically set down. The wanderers nowadays are modern enough, spoiled and civilized if you will, but the vernal restlessness, this looking at hedgerows and byways with eyes of longing, this not-to-be explained falling away of our carefully made and excellently-fitted exterior covering of custom, surely is a thin thread of instinct left from the time of wearing feathers, when the glad spirit might wing the blue sky. If this is not true or something near it, how can what happens be accounted for?

Adam, regular at his club, like the hands of the clock at his office, fond of his well-set table and physical ease, and Eve—a gregarious creature, needing human associations, fond of pictures and of music—deliberately put themselves beyond the sure reach of all these things, because of this curious instinct for nest building and sunny exposures.

Trust Eve to find the garden when once the hunt begins; it may be modest in dimensions, but it is sure to be luxurious and stately in its outlook. When the household goods are moved to their new altars, and it rains—it always rains, Eve noted that in her twenty years experience—soppy goods set down upon muddy floors somewhat dampened her spirits. She secretly wondered what had become of the glamour that had filled her eyes when she first looked at the place. Today the lake was gray and sullen, the trees leafless, not a bird note greeted her ears; the house even lacked closet room, a fact that had quite escaped her housewifely eye. When the two small boys, clutching her skirts, wailed, "If I'd known about frogs, I wouldn't have come," the gloom seemed complete. However, with returning sunshine, the old ardor awoke, and when Adam started to town with a bud in his buttonhole and a smile upon his face paradise came again into view.

Adam spaded flower-beds, quoting poetry and imagining that he shared the sensations of primitive man. Eve trained the vines, scattered flower seeds with a prodigal hand, ordered rose-trees, budded to alders that they might grow in stately rows; that is what the catalogue promised, and Eve's faith in man was still unshaken.

Finally, the last curtain being hung, the furniture fitted to place, Eve sat down with a sigh of vast content to view the situation. The oak trees were all bunches of the loveliest pinks and greens, the box elders had hung out their million tassels for the bees to feed upon, squirrels ran up and down the trees, robins pecked at the soft dirt where provender was plentiful, even blue-jays tapped the trunks of the trees within arm's reach of the front porch. The dining room windows framed a perfect Svenson picture—Eve faced it at breakfast—early sunlight turning the boles of the trees rosy and making golden spikes of the tender grass blades. It was all lovely and soul-satisfying; Eve glowed with ecstasy at the possibilities within easy reach. Trees were more interesting than people, she meditated.

The curtains being an unmistakable sign to the world about the neighbors began to call. They were less enthusiastic about the beauties of nature than Eve had expected and after a half-dozen polite interviews she was a little uncomfortably conscious that she was considered to be a square peg in a round hole and there was a tacit resolve to trim the projecting edges. She was expected at four different sewing societies, she found, also she was asked to join the order of the Eastern Star, the Maccabees, whatever they were. The

finishing blow was dealt by the grocer who, when she went in all the glory of a new white sunbonnet to give an order, asked in a tone of engaging confidence, in what capacity she served the family!

A little dazed she asked explanations of Adam, but he, having no part in the daytime troubles, merely laughed at them. "However," said Eve, resignedly, "whether you like your neighbors or not, they are still your neighbors, and you must live amiably with them. They had come to the country for freedom—for the things their souls thirsted for. 'Perhaps there will even be time for Shakespeare,'" said Adam, glowing with enthusiasm.

And now to be asked to darn stockings for charity! It was too much! Adam didn't care to smile, there were tears in Eve's eyes. "Now I know how Etta felt," she continued, "when that woman asked her to make cotton balls to trim a Christmas tree for poor children in Cambridge. 'Picture your little friend,' she wrote, 'making snowballs for the poor; how much better I could make high-balls for the rich!' I didn't know how pathetic that was, it seemed only funny when the letter came. 'I have a fear,' she went on, 'that true suburbanites are born and not made.'"

The waning enthusiasm of the neighbors, however, was more than compensated for by the delight of their summer friends from the city. They came unexpectedly in automobiles, in carriages or by trolley, and accepted things as they found them with the utmost good nature. The salad always held out, somehow, and there was the garden! Eve winced a little at the mention of the garden. An early wind had blown the budded rose trees off their unnatural stems; more poppies had bloomed in the adjoining lots, where the wind had blown the seeds, than in their proper beds, which had been swept quite bare in the process. The sweet-peas came up in the alley. Eve journeyed to a nurseryman and bought plants in bloom to take the place of the ungrateful things. There was a climbing rose, however, tied to a post which would scatter its petals prettily upon a tea table, so there was one illusion, at least, left, and she made the most of it.

The presence of a visiting author seemed to warrant a formal dinner, so with pride and eagerness invitations were issued for twelve. "I want it to be different," said Eve, "from what they have in town, informal, but perfect,—with lots of cream and country things." Guileless Eve! She planned carefully she thought, but when she telephoned for ice in the morning, she found the wagon made no extra trips and that was not their day. The market man said, "Yes, ma'am, I will let you have twenty-five pounds if you will send for it." Send for it indeed! with not a man in sight older than six! The masculine hegira took place daily at half past seven. He also said the fish had not come, but he had mushrooms! A sharp thunderstorm soured the cream and Eve found that all the dairies were in the adjoining county. She shivered with helpless horror, and saw in fancy her dinner such as one Charles Lamb describes, where everything was sour but the vinegar and everything cold but the water! The dinner bid fair to be different—at least, she thought, sardonically.

By much telephoning to Adam to bring home the indispensable things, and several shifts in the menu, Eve fell into her clothes just in time to greet her guests with the last gasp of energy. The newspaper net catches strange fish and Adam brought an unexpected guest. "I knew something unlucky was going to happen when that cake would only cut thirteen pieces," exclaimed the cook when the news was taken to her.

The unlisted guest was a young Southern girl, hungry for fame and looking for it in the New

York newspaper field. She was tawny and willowy—"the wonder was not yet quite gone," thought Eve as she looked into her eyes, when she held out a bunch of long-stemmed flowers as a sort of peace offering for her sudden appearance. Eve blinked to find they were American beauties and not the three famous lilies.

She came down to dinner dressed in a clinging yellow gown, falling off one shoulder; her lovely burnished hair was all but tumbling out of amber combs and her eyes were bewildering. The dinner guests included a poet of Greek severity, a novelist, who by no stretch of meaning could be called popular—Mr. Howells and Henry James rank him high—which he considered quite good enough praise to make a man indifferent to editions running into the hundred thousands. There was also a humorous paragrapher, and a woman book reviewer, old enough to be merciless.

"For ballast," Eve confided to Adam, "I've asked the Whites; it's too heady with only scribblers. He will talk of affairs and she is so pretty! Every hostess wants at least one pretty gown at her dinner, and writers, poor things, never have any decent clothes."

Eve debated where to place the lily maid. I know she has written a book and I am afraid if it isn't good they will be hard on her. "Furnace of Earth,"—how can it be good with so abominable a title? I will put her between the man of affairs and the poet, she decided. The poet will rhapsodize over her eyes and the man of affairs will keep her well served. She was so spirituelle, so appealing and so delicate, the women's hearts went out to her at sight. What the effect was upon the hearts of the men it would be bold to say.

The novelist did not wish to be treated as a great personage, so the talk began lightly with the soup—plain soup, alas, without the nice piles of whipped cream Eve had dreamed. Then the little yellow bird began to talk, and everybody sat up! She had been sent to Europe by the yellowest of yellow journals to capture a lord, for purposes of circulation, of course, the idea being to expose the sordidness of the international marriage, and protect innocent young things from America wandering about with million-dollar allurements. A real windmill for a yellow journal Don Quixote to tilt at. She had made a splendid stir in Paris and was satisfied and pleased, when the pilot boat met her home-coming steamer, to hear that the papers with black headlines six inches tall, were selling like hot cakes on Broadway.

The poet and novelist exchanged knowing glances; here were short cuts they scorned. She went on to tell how she launched her book while her name was in the public mind, within a week, in fact, after her escape from the lord. At the mention of her book they all looked blank, they had never heard of it! All except the reviewer, Eve noticed a wicked gleam in her eye. The book had sold high into the thousands it seemed. It had been followed by another entitled "Smouldering Flax," devoured by shop girls and much sought after by butcher boys. There are so many more shop girls and butcher boys than Howells' and Henry James', she seemed to be saying in the direction of the novelist, guiltily conscious of a scant ten thousand for his latest book.

The dinner had proceeded as far as patties by this time, and they came in looking terribly unfinished to Eve's anxious eyes. Finally, the maid explained in a whisper in her ear, "The boys ate the tops off, but I fixed them as well as I could." When Eve regained consciousness, the lily maid was saying, "This one ought to sell a million, you know." She had almost got back to the gold bar of heaven, she was looking down from such a height upon the poor poets and storytellers who



merely wanted to do good work. She meant to sell her books and she had come out from New York to verify the book sellers' lists through the west and suggest new ways of pushing sales.

One glance around the table and Eve's anxieties fell away. Not a soul knew whether he or she was eating sweet-breads or tacks; the women were too amused to care and the men were too mad to know. They were being told by this tender, burnished, young thing that they were being beaten at their own game, and they didn't like it. Even the editor, who thought he knew a few tricks, soon felt like a child in arms. The man of affairs beamed. Eve could see him saying to himself, "She has business sense." He said, largely to the honest scribblers, "What you fellows need, is business managers," and to himself, "She will give you a run for your money!" The talk flowed steadily on, a monologue for the most part from the pretty lips of the fin de siècle young woman, comfortably sure they were as much entertained as she was over her victories with a helpless public. No one was urged to wait for the last car—to them all it was "ten years of years," more or less, since the introductions and pleasant nothings that began the dinner.

To Adam's consternation, Eve fell weeping upon his neck as soon as opportunity offered. The strain was too much. "But she saved the dinner," she said at last. "They will never know what they ate!"

There were other dinners not so disastrous, but as the summer waned so did the zeal of their friends and the calls to the city became more frequent.

When Eve received flowers or a box of chocolates from one or another who had been entertained at her house, she was pleased. She talked about it to Adam one fall night when the fog crept in off the ocean. "I think it shows such good quality in a young man who takes the trouble to pay nice little attentions to a married woman, don't you?"

The question, after a long speech, was addressed to Adam's back; he was reading silently. His attention caught by the sudden silence, he threw a pleasant smile over his shoulder, and said, "Go on, dear, I like to hear you talk."

Eve stamped her foot and snatched his book away. "And sometimes I like an answer," she retorted. "Don't you know I haven't seen a man to talk to in a month!" She suddenly realized that the candy and flowers were easier than calls in the country, that days devoted to Mother Goose, varied by the cook and the order man were a bit narrowing, and for full ten minutes she hated all mankind. Adam told her she didn't know her luck, not to have to talk! A luxury—a desert island for him!

Eve read, too, in certain wise books she liked, written by wise men, how good it was to have time to think, our strenuous life almost forbade it. "I wish I could lock you up in this house for three months," she would say to these exasperating printed pages, "you wouldn't dare to print your thoughts when you came out."

However, this wore off as all things do with time; a saving sense of humor turned it into a game after a while. They played it at the theater when nervous-looking couples clutched their wraps and cast anxious looks toward the aisles, wondering which row of bumpy knees was shorter to pass. "They are new to it," they would guess, "and still think it is worth the trouble."

By long practice Adam's method was distinctly neat. Aisle seats were his invariable rule, and by an arrangement with the wardrobe woman the wraps were in a pile ready to grab as they passed, something as the mail pouch is adjusted for the limited express trains.

Then they amused themselves finishing the stories of the plays and operas they saw and never saw

completed. They always had to make a last car. Think of never really knowing how Lohengrin got away nor of seeing Marguerite translated!

As for parties, they always left them just as the odor of the coffee could be faintly and enticingly detected. If they got desperate, as they did once when Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler was playing dance music for a merry party, and decided to see it out in spite of last cars—there was a dreary stretch of waiting between the end of the festivities at 2 a. m. and the departure of the milk train at four.

"Why don't you stay all night?" was the careless query of the unenlightened. But the children always kicked their covers off in the early morning and there were colds to pay. So it happened that books became Eve's most intimate companions and a curious feeling of detachment from the world at large grew upon her. She classified the people she met, almost to the extent of headlines and chapters until she sometimes said to herself, "I am like an insectologist; I am no longer human."

Then a change of climate brought fresh interests and she took heart again; it was a move nearer; there was a perpetual garden in place of the intermittent one, and the nicest people in the world were not entirely beyond grasp, but the last car was as relentless as ever. A suburb is a suburb however reached, and a suburbanite can no more change his spots than can the leopard. The new neighbors differed from the old only in being more satisfied in that estate in which it hath pleased God in his mercy to place them. One open-hearted sunny gentleman put his feelings into these words: "I like to have my place pointed out to strangers, they think I'm a person of consequence. Yes, sir, I want to be a king among pigs."

"You see we really don't belong," said Eve to Adam, after a protracted discussion. Besides, a new voice was heard now in the family councils, a very agreeable young voice which said, "I should think you would pay some attention to the Adamless Eves, and Eveless Adams you have collected about you!"

So it was decided; the For Sale sign went up, with a terrible wrench to Adam. And then, one morning, quite suddenly it seemed, the melting melody of the meadow-lark pierced Eve's waking senses; she crept to the window and lo, 'twas spring! The old magic was upon the world, the cold gray of the mountains was changed to living purple, the sun was beating strong upon the swelling buds, Adam whistled as he dressed. In an hour sweet-and-twenty was off on horseback—"to see the eucalyptus blossoms on the El Monte road," she called back, waving her cap. Active eighteen disappeared toward the country club in clean linens, and carrying a tennis racket, boys and dogs were an indistinguishable, tumbling pile among the blotches of sunlight and shade upon the lawn. The winter of discontent was surely gone. The For Sale sign made good kindling.

"It's a life sentence," Eve smiled at Adam when he came home early to dinner.

#### Tip to Democratic Candidates.

There is a possibility that in certain legislative districts in Southern California, where Democratic candidates for the Sacramento job pledge themselves to vote, if elected, for a Republican United States senator to succeed George C. Perkins, they may be successful in November. I note this plan of campaign is being followed, in several places, although to this time, not with anything like ordinary intelligence.

#### Talent Here at Home.

Said a clubman yesterday: Why go to Baltimore for a surgical operation? Dr. MacGowan has probably performed more, of the same nature

as that required by the general, than any other surgeon in the world. It is his specialty. Which is doubtless true.

#### Picturesque Willie Hearst.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, in a delightfully worded communication to the Iroquois club, a Democratic organization of San Francisco, bids farewell to the party, which he says has gone galloping over the political prairie in the person of the defunct organization's donkey, until it is lost to the sight of its original adherents. Mr. Hearst asserts that he continues to stand, where he has always stood, squarely upon the principles of the founder of the Democratic party and the framer of the Declaration of Independence. The Iroquois club and its friends who follow Bryanism may think that they are Democrats, but they are mistaken. Still he gives them opportunity to say whether they are 1892 Democrats or 1896 Democrats, or 1904 Democrats, or 1908 Democrats? Or perhaps, he sarcastically continues, you are Cleveland Democrats, believing in the tariff reform that we didn't get, and the military suppression of labor unions that we did get? Or Parker Democrats, supporting the trusts if they contribute and opposing them if they don't? Or, again, Bryan Democrats, believing in free silver sometimes and in government ownership sometimes, and in the initiative and the referendum sometimes? If, he asks, you are Bryan Democrats and believe in these things, do you also believe in a Bryan platform that contains none of these things? Such a confusionses! as the Weber & Fields Dutch vau-devillian might exclaim. If Mr. Hearst is really and truly the author of this picturesque contribution, he ought to discharge his chief editorial writer and assume the chair himself. His newspaper would profit by the exchange.

#### The Wind.

Whence gleaned you all your endless woes,  
Oh, cold North Wind about my door;  
Your mighty sobs of world-wide grief,  
Your cries that move the heart's red core?  
What demons hide within your robes,  
To shriek and mock through darkness deep,  
What raving laughter swells your throat,  
As through the night I watch and weep?  
Whence gathered you your perfumed songs,  
O, sweet South Wind about my door?  
Your buzz of bees, your lilt of birds,  
Your breath of brooks, your cascades' roar?  
Whence came your tears of April rain,  
Your tears that pass on phantom wings?  
What maddened joy lurks in your touch,  
As through the hours my fancy sings?  
O, mad, mad wind, with ruthless calls,  
That rise and fall in dismal wail,  
O, soft, sweet wind, that whispers low  
O'er wooded hill, through leafy dale;  
O, mist-wrapped wind from ocean deep,  
O, snow-veiled wind from mountain crest;  
How came you from the great Unknown,  
Where go you on your endless quest?

CAROLINE REYNOLDS.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes

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## ALMOST A GREAT BOOK.

## But There is Little in "Together" to Feed the Vanity of Women.

There is little to feed the vanity of women in Robert Herrick's latest book, "Together." In fact, at several points in the first ten chapters one is tempted to cry out, "Oh, no, Mr. Herrick, it isn't so bad as that!" It is justice to say, as a beginning, that "Together" is almost a great book. It has power and it has purpose, though what that purpose is each reader must decide for himself. Mr. Herrick has arranged an appalling row of shoes, to fit where they may. With a daring touch he has grasped the deepest problems of present day living, and gives them baldly to his readers. He is, above all, a serious novelist; there is no attempt at fine writing, no poetic flights of rhetoric; if he had chosen a text it might have been, "Who would save his life must lose it."

There is little beauty in the story, except the beauty of common, vital things. As Vickers Price looks out upon the traffic in the street from the office building where he is to "exchange his visions of things beautiful in a world of joy" for the dull routine of business, he tries to hear his particular note, his bit of harmony from all the volume of sound, but his longing for beauty is answered only by the roar of the city below. So the reader, looking for romance, for joy, for things gay and glad in Mr. Herrick's story, will hear only the discord of humanity in his ears. Only the "still small voice" within sings of hope.

The statements are sweeping and the judgments severe. If "Together" is the beginning of a series of pictures of life, one could grant it everything it seems to claim, but if it is a finished picture, a balanced conception, one with the proportions well considered, then serious exceptions must be taken. The women are a poor lot. If the average ran so low in one's circle of acquaintance anywhere in this broad land, then indeed there would be cause for dismay in the mind of every good American.

Isabel Lane resenting the coming of her child; Mrs. Conry, shallow, sensual, selfish, loveless; Margaret Pole, intellectual, bitter and unsatisfied; Cornelia Woodyard, the vampire; Bessie Falkner, extravagant, sacrificing everything to the "social gift" which satisfied her vanity—only Alice Johnston is a real mother, a conscientious comrade to her husband—one in six who holds out hope for the race, and yet we boast of our civilization!

Happily, there are more Alice Johnstons than Mr. Herrick suspects, and they do not all live on back streets. Sometimes, too, they stir away from the babies without either deserting or neglecting them, and sometimes they manage to preserve a waist line, mirabile dictu!

Is it true that only men have deep feeling, are able to think clearly, act upon principle, and not always upon impulse, long for children and cherish them when they come? It is well to deplore the maelstrom into which business men are hurled, but is it fair to accuse the vanity of women of pushing them in? There is much to be said of the institution of marriage, for and against. It may be as maiming to the soul and the spirit as foot-binding, it may be a survival of paganism, it may be an empty form and as dead as the dodo, really. But on the other hand, the spirit of marriage is alive, vitally

alive, and because of it, or in spite of it—who shall say?—women have grown fine and brave and strong. And it should be remembered also that it is a man-made institution, and all the weaknesses of the artisan are in it.

Mr. Herrick asks: "O, women, what have you done with the souls of men?" Women might aptly reply: "We have borne the souls of men, in the conditions set by men, so don't complain." There have been betrayals on both sides. The longings, the restlessness, the futile reaching out for intellectual attainments, are all felt by this intuitive depicter of souls, but they are not so petty as he shows them. There is something that he has missed.

The great American novel is still to be written, although as children say in blind man's buff, Mr. Herrick is "warm." He has given us our political monstrosities in clear lines, the selfishness of business is felt, the insidious heresies that have been imbibed by every smallest member of the trusts and monopolies stand out from his pages. The pretense and pettiness of the women, their narrow, restless lives, their parrot-like echoings of the platitudes of the men, may all be true enough, but there is something more deeply true which is nowhere felt in Mr. Herrick's book, and by so much it misses greatness. There is a fine integrity of soul which is distinctively a national trait, in spite of all the superficialities. It is a type which Mr. Herrick presents—and then betrays.

Margaret Pole is a high-minded, clear-thinking courageous woman; the mother of three children whom she loves and lives with, the vital influence of their lives. She is married to a man whom she despises. She finally meets the man whom she loves in the highest sense, he restores her deadened life, vivifies her soul. But they are both married and must part. This is the conversation at what they consider their last interview:

"Would it be easier," she asked slowly, "if for a time we had all?"

"Yes!"

"If for a little while we left the world behind us and went away—to know all?"

"We should be happier then, always. But I cannot ask it."

"It would be better so," she whispered dreamily. "I will go!"

And she did—in the book. Three days they took "out of all eternity for themselves," out of which should be borne "courage for the future."

To a woman of Margaret Pole's type courage would not come that way. Quite apart from her obligation to her vows, above her duty to her children would stand her need to be true to herself, to preserve a fine integrity of soul that she might live forever at peace with herself. In denying her this Mr. Herrick has betrayed the woman as he made her, and uttered a false note in the life of the story. An honest soul plays the game according to the rules, to shirk is small and mean.

For this gross departure Mr. Herrick's effort seems to have incurred the displeasure of the censor of the Los Angeles public library, who has marked it taboo. Let it be said that the Young Person is not likely to be attracted toward the book, as it is neither alluring nor luring. As for the maturer mind the work carries its own antidote.

Mr. Herrick settles no problems. He sums up, by inference, in his last chapters, that the race is won by two and two, and never by one and one. The eternal sex question still remains open; whether marriage, as it is, is a success or a failure, he does not say. As to whether socialism is a remedy he is mute. The mysterious force that chooses and casts aside relentlessly and pitilessly, is still unnamed, yet Mr. Herrick has produced a notable work. That the talented author is a guest

within our gates this week lends additional interest to this new novel on marriage.

("Together." By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co.) M. H. C.

## "The Riverman."

Life in the open is always described with vivid and intense effect in Stewart Edward White's books, and "The Riverman" is no exception to the rule. The lumber men of northern Michigan lead lives of constant danger and excitement, dangers which are utterly ignored by the men themselves through long usage. The conditions described in "The Riverman" are those of the early seventies, and the man Orde is indeed very much a man—an outdoor man, simple, strong and upright as the sturdy pines among which he lives. It is in those portions of the book which deal with the woods and the work of bringing the logs down the river that the story excels. It is a labor that requires sturdy muscles, sure eyes and quick judgment in the men, and all this and much more in the boss. By sheer, personal force he must control forty or fifty rough, turbulent woodsmen, ready to fight at the slightest excuse, recognizing no law but that of superior physical force, but absolutely loyal to the man who proves himself the leader.

There are many difficulties to be met in the trip down the river, problems in engineering and construction, which have to be solved instantly, and others which show the full measure of the man in charge. Jack Orde leaves nothing to be desired, for he is intrepid and ingenious, and equal to any emergency.

If the book could consist simply of the description of the drive and its many difficulties, dangers, and humorous happenings, there would not be a flaw in it. Mr. White has a fine understanding of the lumber man's nature. It is said:

Ordinarily, from very early in the morning until very late at night, the fisherman is busy every instant at his dangerous and absorbing work. Those affairs which do not immediately concern his task—as the swiftness of rapids, the height of water, the obstructions of channels, the quantities of logs—pass by the outer fringes of his consciousness, if, indeed, they reach him at all. Thus, often he works all day up to his waist in a current bearing the rotten ice of the first break-up, or endures the drenching of an early spring rain, or battles the rigors of a belated snow with apparent indifference. You or I would be exceedingly uncomfortable; would require an effort of fortitude to make the plunge. Yet these men, absorbed in the mighty problems of their task have little attention to spare to such things. The cold, the wet, the discomfort, the hunger, the weariness, all pass as shadows on the background. In like manner the softer moods of the spring rarely penetrate through the concentration of faculties on the work. The warm sun shines, the birds by thousands flutter and twitter and sing their way north; the delicate green of spring, showered from the hand of the passing sower, sprinkles the tops of the trees, and gradually sifts down through the branches; the great, beautiful, silver clouds sail down the horizon like ships of a statelier age, as totally without actual existence as these men. The logs, the river—those are enough to strain all the faculties a man possesses, and more.

As a novel the book is not so satisfying. Orde's business career is pre-eminently the theme, and other things are in the background—his tempestuous love affair, and later married happiness.

Joseph Newmark, the partner in the business ventures, is not so clearly drawn a character as his importance in Orde's life warrants. He comes from nowhere in particular and no details of his past are given, no real reason for his presence in the region. Apparently inspired by a liking for Orde, and a respect for his ability, he broaches the enterprise in which both embark and later he is discovered involved in villainy of which not a previous hint has

been given, a smooth rascal, animated by deepest hatred of his partner. The character is not consistently portrayed, but that of Orde is sharp and clear in every particular. It is a book to be thoroughly enjoyed, but much to be improved by condensation.

("The Riverman." By Stewart Edward White. The McClure company.)

## "The Circular Staircase."

Difficult as it undoubtedly is to strike a new vein in the writing of detective stories, Mary Roberts Rinehart has accomplished the nearly impossible in "The Circular Staircase." A more delightful story of its kind has not been met in many a day. In the first place, the story is not related by a sharp-eyed sleuth, but by a middle-aged spinster, acid of tongue, kindly of heart, capable and generous, altogether a most delightful creature with a decided sense of humor. Breaking the habits of twenty years, Miss Rachel Innes rents a summer country place where, with her niece, nephew and her devoted maid as principals, there occurs a mystifying series of events which center in the circular staircase.

There is, of course, a murder to start the mystery, which brings in its wake a harvest of disaster and death, none of it, however, in the least degree gruesome or ghastly. An exciting month for a quiet old maid, in a beautiful establishment, her story is a smooth-running narrative of exciting events, which are complicated, to be sure, but not beyond the bounds of possibility. A bank robbery is added to the list of disasters, in which innocent people are duly implicated, making trouble unbounded for young lovers. But every difficulty is happily solved eventually, all the love affairs progress satisfactorily, and the story closes leaving Miss Innes still the most vital personage in its pages. One would enjoy knowing her.

("The Circular Staircase." By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

## Notes from Bookland.

Writing to the editor of the Dial, E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers of Captain Amundsen's book, "The North West Passage," point out that through an error in translation the hardy explorer is made to say that he passed "through" Bellos Strait, when the original text, which the Arctic traveler sends reads: "At 8 a.m. we passed the strait"—not through. The author-explorer naively adds: "It is a very bad mistake, which ought to be rectified, as the difference is a very great one to everybody who studies the geography of the book."

It may be noted, as a sign of returning prosperity in the book trade, that the New York branch of the old established house of Cassell & Co., which of late years has existed chiefly as an agency of the London house, intends to enter actively into the business of book publishing again. W. B. Hadley is to be the manager of the New York business, which makes a creditable showing in its list of books for fall publication.

A. R. Spofford, late assistant librarian of the Congressional library at Washington, who died recently at the ripe age of 83 began active life, before he was twenty years old, as a bookseller and publisher in Cincinnati; he then passed several years in journalism, in the same city. His life work, however, was in the Congressional library, where, as librarian or assistant, he was in continuous service for nearly half a century.

Base uses of famous houses might furnish a theme for a long chapter in literary history. The same wind that wafts to these shores reports of the saving of Coleridge's house at Nether



Stowey, of Johnson's father's house at Lichfield, of Balzac's house in the suburbs of Paris, and of other historic dwellings, brings news of the conversion of Ruskin's Denmark Hill house at Camberwell, where he wrote parts of "Modern Painters," into "a boarding-house for gentlemen." This, surely, is the irony of fate.

According to his nephew, Elton B. Lower, who is president of Cook County (Ill.) Civil Service Commission, the late Ira D. Sankey made little or nothing out of the sales of his gospel hymn book, which has had enormous vogue. Together with the composer's "Sacred Songs," "Gospel Choir," and "Christian Endeavor Hymn Book," the total circulation exceeds fifty million copies. "And yet there are those," declares the Dial, slyly, "who assert that the English and the Americans are not music-lovers. Perhaps they would even cite the foregoing in confirmation of their assertion."

#### Magazines for September.

Two leading articles in the September Craftsman discuss modern art. Professor Ernest E. Fenollosa tells of modern Spanish art in the salon of nineteen hundred and eight, and the decadence of French influence. "Pioneers in Modern Art" is a description by Giles Edgerton of a group of men whose influence has greatly aided its development. The photographs of Childe Hassam, Gutzon Borglum, Karl Bitter, Irving R. Niles, Daniel Chester French, and J. Alden Weir are taken by Jessie Tarbox Beale. The editor contributes an article on postal service extension, and what postal savings banks and a cheap and efficient parcel post would mean to farmer and wage earner. The advances in artistic photography are shown by the beautiful reproductions of four photographs of mist and twilight by Charles Vandervelde. Alice Brown and Mary Heaton Vorse provide the fiction for this number.

Headliner for the September Pacific is Jack London's latest novel, "Martin Eden," which begins in this number. "How the Mountains were Made in the Depths of the sea," by F. J. J. See, explains the new theory of earthquakes. The author is professor of mathematics, U.S.N., in charge of the Naval observatory on Mare Island. The new theory is an interesting one, and is well presented. Charles Frederick Holder's name is intimately associated with California outdoor life. In "The Trout Streams of the Missions" he shows a most human side of the life of the old Mission fathers. The article is accompanied by excellent photographs. Other contributors to this number are Amanda Mathews, Felix Benguet, Richard S. Graves, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Edward Allison Gale and William T. Prosser.

How some good Americans are made is well told by Lewis E. Macbrayne in the September Harpers. "The Judgment of the Steerage" is a good answer to arguments against the republican form of government. The illustrations in color are by F. E. Schoonover. Dr. Sven Hedin, the eminent explorer, tells of wonderful discoveries in Thibet. "As to Certain Comparisons" is a discussion by Thomas R. Lounsbury of mistakes and incongruities in the English language. This number contains other articles of interest and a good list of fiction by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Norman Duncan, Perceval Gibbon and others.

Large families, so declares Viola Rodgers in the Cosmopolitan for October, have again become popular. The stork is again welcomed into the homes of the millionaires and fashionables of the country. "Gold-Spoon Babies"

seem to prove the point. Charles M. Schwab is the subject of "Owners of America," by Alfred Henry Lewis. The most hated man in China, according to Robert H. Murray, is Libbeus R. Wilfley, judge of the United States circuit court for China. In this article, which includes a foreword by William H. Taft, Mr. Murray tells how a strong man set resolutely out to deal even-handed justice to the brood of international criminals infesting the foreign settlement at Shanghai. Stories in this issue are by Morgan Robertson, Roy Norton, Mary White Slater, Winifred Scratcherd, Anthony Partridge, W. Bert Foster, and Bruno Lessing.

Gardening and its delights are the subjects of several writers in the September number of "Country Life in America." "The Naturalistic Garden," by Neltje Blanchan is a plea for the naturalistic treatment of a place where unintelligent formality, stereotyped monotony and insincerity cease. The delights of tulip growing are exploited by Wilhelm Miller. Lovers of fine cats will enjoy "The Aristocratic Persian Cat," by F. H. S. Morrison, and the photographs accompanying. Many outdoor delights are to be found described in this number, photographing wild animals, shoeing horses, driving a motor, stock, poultry, stable and kennel.

For September and early fall the Delineator is showing the half full, half clinging drapery that is to win femininity by winter time from the pretty pleated skirt to the confiding directoire costume. Draped sleeves, graceful overskirt effects and half-fitted coats are as popular as ever. F. Marion Crawford begins a new romance, "Stradella." Clara Morris tells how she nearly knew Mr. Rockefeller. In addition, there is a long list of articles, grave, gay and practical, which make this household magazine so much more than just a fashion journal.

This month the "Happychaps" go to the county fair through the kind offices of St. Nicholas, and as usual,

"They would beguile  
The weary while,  
With quip and jest and smile."

Major-General O. O. Howard continues his little stories of Indian chiefs coming, as these biographies do, first hand, their interest and value is unique. "Historic Boyhoods" tells of Garibaldi and his first adventurous expedition with two followers. Stories, poems and the League, complete a rich number of St. Nicholas.

Review of Reviews for September is a mine of information on campaign follies as in addition to considering the two leading candidates for the presidency, the four lesser parties—Socialist, Prohibitionist, Populist and Independence tickets are discussed. Notable articles outside the realm of politics, are "Real Navigation of the Air," "The War Against Tuberculosis," "Modern Curative Methods with Tuberculosis," "What Shall the Lincoln Memorial Be?" "English Speaking Lands in the South Pacific," and "Old Age Pensions in England." A group of leading articles of the month, culled from the best magazines with many illustrations completes a capital number.

Bibelot for September offers notes by Algernon Charles Swinburne on Simon Solomon's "Vision of Love," and others of his stories. In this Thomas B. Mosher again places the discerning under obligations, for Mr. Solomon's rare personality is all too little known to American students of the dead poet, whose life snuffed out in London in 1905. Mr. Swinburne pronounces a noble eulogy on the submerged genius, disclosing the real Solomon.

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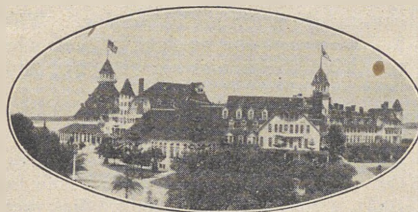
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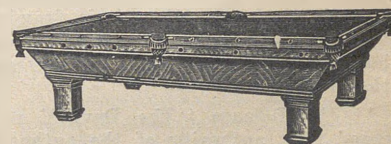
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### "DEVIL" GETS HIS DUES.

#### Two Simultaneous Productions on Different Stages in this City.

It is an unusual experience for a dramatic critic to be able to contrast the simultaneous presentation of the same play, by two different companies, at competing theaters. At the Burbank Oliver Morosco is giving to capacity houses every night, under the excellent stage direction of Robert Morris, Ferenc Molnar's—not Molner, as the playbill reads—Hungarian drama, "The Devil." It is not an attractive play. With the Prince of Darkness pervading every act how could it be of an uplifting nature? Briefly, the devil lures two souls to destruction, and with no good angel to intervene the audience is treated to a one-sided exposition of the demoniac powers of a materialized Beelzebub. The interest centers around the efforts of Paul Muller, an artist, to overcome his love for his youthful sweetheart, Anna, now married to the rich banker, Otto Meyer. They have not met in six years, in which time each has striven to forget the other. The devil, however, puts it into the head of the banker to have his wife's portrait painted, and who so capable of doing the subject justice as the talented young artist Muller, recently returned from his successes abroad?

Slowly but surely the pent-up passion of each for the other expands, subtly fanned into life by the machinations of the arch fiend. Finally, it becomes a volcano of desire in the breast of each and forgetting honor, duty, everything, they fall into each other's arms, whereupon the devil makes his final exit and the curtain falls on a most lugubrious audience.

William Desmond is the artist-lover and that he indulges in no tirades, no unpleasant displays of amorous dalliance is much to his credit, for the part calls for repression and the growing young leading man lends himself admirably to the trying situations. Of course the main work is in the hands of the devil, Dr. Schmidt, entrusted to A. Byron Beasley. It is a careful and capital presentation Mr. Beasley gives. There is just a hint of the cloven foot below, suggested by the upward curl of the eyebrows and a clever lining of the brow. Otherwise it is a well-dressed gentleman in frock coat and faultless manners who utters, however, repellent cynicisms, and by his wiles and craft compels his helpless victims to be false to their vows and to themselves. No attempt is made to theatricalize the role by the burning of red powder or the emitting of brimstone odors, but if Mr. Beasley would permit himself a bright red waistcoat it would not be amiss. Willis Marks as Fink, the artist's valet, supplies the one little bit of humor that is allowed to creep into this gruesome play. John Burton as the banker has little chance for expression in this thankless role.

Blanche Hall is pretty and sweet, as the wife, but hardly convincing. There is much subtlety of action required in the part of Anna and at times she fails to grasp the serious import of the tragedy in which she is so central a figure. Elsie Esmond as Rosa, the artist's model, is hardly of the Parisian Latin quarter type. She is pretty and ingenious, instead of being chic and sophisticated, as are so many of her sisters in real life. The play is capably mounted and as it is drawing capacity houses Mr. Morosco has decided to keep it on the boards for another week.

At the Belasco "The Devil," presented "by authority of the author," according to the playbill is announced to be by Ferenc "Molmar." It is ably produced under the stage direction of Hobart Bosworth, and his artistic

touches to the studio are easily recognizable. In this particular the stage picture excels that of the other in being less crowded with bric-a-brac. The version, in substance, is much the same except that the devil is allowed longer oracular monologues, and the make-up of Harry Glazier in no particular suggests the gentleman in charge of the souls of the damned. More is made of the part of the artist's model, who becomes Fanny in this presentation. Her part is sympathetically portrayed by Dorothy Bernard, but again the Latin temperament is lacking to give it verisimilitude.

Mr. Glazier is an ornate devil, and he attacks his protracted speeches with courage, but at no time does he suggest the Gentleman in Black. He is, throughout, an immaculate society man, guilty, however, of uttering the most atrocious sentiments that make even the blase critic wriggle most uncomfortably in his chair. Ugh! that such hideous pictures have to be shown to susceptible young men and women.

Richard Vivian must take exercise. He is getting positively fat and that will never do for one who fills leading young man roles. His Sandor Tatrav is jerky and his manner too uneasy and abrupt to belong to one petted of society, a successful painter and the center of feminine attraction. When he is earnest he is hoarse and when receptive lackadaisical. He has done immeasurably better work.

Honors on the Belasco stage fall to Jane Grey. Her Joland, the banker's wife, is a tense piece of acting from the outset and at no time does she fall short. She realizes, fully, the rocks upon which she is drifting and the terrible end is never out of her thoughts, but try as she will she cannot escape the tempter and her final abandonment is a triumph of artistic work, but, alas, a sad picture for contemplation. It is a great loss that this talented young woman is to leave the Los Angeles stage for an Eastern engagement. Andre, the artist's valet, played by David Edwin, is devoid of humor. Ben Graham injects a little more life into the banker than does his competitor across the way. The play will continue all next week.

#### Good Orpheum Specialties.

Headlined at the Orpheum this week is a swiftly-moving farcelet entitled "Dobb's Dilemma," which serves as a starring vehicle for Franklyn Underwood's vaudeville tour. Underwood is a better actor than the great majority of vaudeville sketch artists, but he must look to his laurels, else his old friend, George Bloomquest, may run away with the entertaining playlet. Bloomquest is seriously funny; Underwood approaches burlesque. Unique in its way is the turn of the Tennis Trio—composed of two maids and a man. The girls are "peaches and cream" blondes and wear exceptionally beautiful costumes in an unusually dainty manner. Their juggling feats are skilfully and gracefully performed, with entire lack of flourish and personal appeal for a hand. Bernard and Seeley have a "coon-hunting act" that comprises an astonishing display of rag-time playing and singing. Bernard is a past master of eccentric piano playing, and at times becomes almost musical, a virtue which his companion does not include in her vocal accomplishments. Doelesch and Zillbauer offer the "Poet and Peasant" and snatches from Viennese street songs in a new manner, the plaintive melodies they produce from their accordions, appealing alike to gallery and boxes. The Rianos continue their freak Simian act; the Girl still wields her baton to an all unconscious orchestra; Wanrell and Carranza revive Carmen, and the three dusky Mitchells exploit the art of dancing

as the real "cullud" folks view it. For the ensuing week the Big City Four, a male quartette, will be the leading attraction, Charles H. Bradshaw & Co. will appear in a rollicking playlet, "Fix on a Fix," and a long list of other excellent fun-makers is noted.

#### "The Pit" at the Auditorium.

Channing Pollock's dramatization of Frank Norris' novel, "The Pit," will afford Lewis Stone opportunity to repeat his former success as Curtis Jadin, a role widely different from that of Billy Bolton. The management promises an unusually elaborate production, especial attention having been devoted to the mob scene on the Stock exchange, made famous by Wilton Lackaye. Florence Oakley will essay the character of Laura Dearborn.

#### At the Grand.

The Bathing Beauties, scantily clad and daring as of old, have returned to the Grand Opera house to the entire approbation of the first row disciples, who, by the way, comprise many of the Mason's masculine first nighters. Perhaps the bathing scene is a bit risqué, but in its way it is artistic, and is certainly not cheaply vulgar as are several of the quips which produce the largest laughs. Charles Giblyn repeats his success as the antiquated actor—a delineation which stamps Mr. Biblyn as a real actor. The new leading woman, Helen Goff, has little opportunity to prove her qualities. Next week the company will revive "The Typewriter Girl."

#### Coming Attraction at Mason

At the Mason the regular theatrical season will be opened Monday evening, Sept. 14, with the popular musical comedy, "The Time, The Place, and the Girl," which has had a phenomenal run of 463 consecutive performances in Chicago, besides record runs both in New York and Boston. It is one of the few musical comedy successes of last season. The chief role has been entrusted to John E. Young, in which he has ample opportunity of displaying his ability as the droll comedian, "Happy" Johnny Hicks, the young gambler. The company is bringing the production in its entirety, consisting of four carloads of scenery, a chorus of fifty girls, besides having the celebrated ten Broiler dancers. The engagement is for one week, with a Saturday matinee only.

#### Plays and Players.

Of interest to theater-goers is news of the engagement of Miss Lovell Taylor of New York as leading woman at the Belasco. Miss Taylor, although a California girl, has never appeared in the West, having won her laurels in New York city, where she has played leads in a number of the best productions. She is the sister of two bright young newspaper women of this city and for that reason her acceptance of the Los Angeles offer is of added piquancy. With a beautiful face and figure, Miss Taylor has the third and more necessary requisite of real success on the stage—that of talent. In the few years she has been playing she has achieved an enviable record. Her first laurels came about four years ago, when she shared honors in New York with Raymond Hitchcock in "Easy Dawson." Her succeeding engagement was with Louis Mann and Clara Lipman, in which she was equally successful. Later, Miss Taylor played as leading woman with Leo Dietrichstein in his own drama, "Bluffs," which was well received. She was one season with Malcolm Williams and Herbert Standing in a sketch at Keith's. Among other players with whom she took leading parts were Chauncey Olcott and Blanche Walsh. Miss Taylor has

played for the Savage companies for several years and was to have made her first appearance in the West in the near future in Savage's production of "The Devil." She will make her first Los Angeles debut in "Strongheart," which the Belasco company will bill for the week beginning Sept. 21. When this play was first placed with Robert Edison in the leading role Miss Taylor was chosen to play opposite him, but on account of a previous contract she was unable to take the position.

Notable among the attractions booked for the ensuing season at the Mason are first, "The Time, the Place and the Girl," which will be seen here next week, followed in sequence by "Man of the Hour," "The Clansman," Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," "The Lion and the Mouse," Ethel Barrymore, "Merry Widow," "Paid in Full," Louis James in "Peer Gynt," "Ben Hur," "Brewster's Millions," Savage's Grand English Opera, John Drew, "The Talk of New York," "The Red Mill," Nat C. Goodwin, Lillian Russell, Miss "Billy" Burke, "The Squaw Man," Dustin Farnum, "The Wolf," "Stubborn Cinderella," Henry W. Savage's Co. in "The Devil," "The Witching Hour," Richard Carle, Lew Fields in "The Girl Behind the Counter," Margaret Illington, E. H. Southern, William Gillette, Lombardi Opera Co., Miss Elsie Janis.

George Broadhurst's sterling play of the day, "The Man of the Hour," comes back the week of September 21 to the Mason, where it was so successful a year ago, and where it will again be acted by the special company organized for the West by William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer, which includes in its personnel the California favorite, Ethel Brandon, who was so warmly received here on her previous visit to Los Angeles.

Fay Wallace, who has been meeting with much success in eastern cities, has just signed a contract with the Shuberts to play the lead in "Brewster's Millions" next season. Miss Wallace is pleasantly remembered here as ingenue in the Belasco and in the Morosco stock companies, having graduated from the Dobinson school.

#### Dobinson School Fall Term.

Dobinson School of Expression opens its fall course Monday, Sept. 21, for day students. Evening dramatic classes for stage are now open. Dobinson Auditorium at 1044 South Hope street has a complete equipment for practical training, the methods used are down to date, and the principal is a man of exceptional ability and long experience.

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## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

By Blanche R. Lott.

It is with the best wishes for a most successful season to every musician and lover of music that I undertake the musical work of The Graphic. There is not a doubt that we are entering upon the most prosperous year in our history, and every one must do his or her share in an artistic and financial way.

Until one goes and sees what other cities and countries have in the way of musical attractions, we are prone to unappreciate our own beautiful conditions. With a first-class symphony orchestra improving each year, the ten-year-old Krauss string quartette of as good artists as can be found, two excellent male choruses, two splendid women's choruses, a most flourishing woman's orchestra, plenty of first-class local solo artists in every line, two social musical clubs, and yearly visits of many celebrities, what more is needed? An evenly balanced mixed chorus. Let us forget the term "choral society" for the time being, on account of unpleasant memories. We want to suggest that now is the time for the professional singers to sacrifice time and money (and to the busy person they are the same thing), and give, under a competent director, two hours each week to the study of choral works.

Let the professionals get together and start a chorus of mixed voices, and remain with it until an evenly-balanced chorus of good voices is cemented by practice and good fellowship. Every member of the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra has sacrificed much in the last ten years. The small sum of money paid them could not properly be called remuneration, but they stuck to it, and now through the loyalty to music of this body of musicians, and the zeal of their faithful leader, Los Angeles has an orchestra which compares favorably with the Winterstein orchestra of Leipzig or the Mozart orchestra of Berlin. If our singers, who are successful, will only follow the example of these men, we shall soon have a body of singers who can give us genuine pleasure, and make us familiar with standard and new choral works.

The concert season begins at Simpson Auditorium, September 19, with a concert by the Fidelia Mannerchor, under the direction of Prof. J. A. Jahn. This male singing society was organized seven years ago and now numbers about forty active members. The German choruses are a great musical power in many American cities, and with the assistance of the Welsh and Scandinavian societies, keep alive the sangerfest idea. The program September 19 is the beginning of a fest which will continue at Chutes park through Sept. 20 and 21, where the singing of folk songs will be a feature. The following is the program of the opening:

"Improvisation on German Folk Songs," Bruce Gordon Kingsley; Male Chorus. "To Art," Wagner; violin, "Reverie," Vieuxtemps; "Zigeunerweisen," Sarasate, Oscar Seiling; Male Choruses (a capella) (a) "Zieh' hinaus," Dregert, (b) "Untreue," Folk-song, (c) "Schoener Rhein," Mohr; (a) "Home Sickness," Wolf, (b) "Under the Juniper Tree," Hollander, (c) "Whither," Schubert, Miss Margaret Goetz; Male Chorus, (a capella) (a) "In einem kühlen grunde," Gluck, (b) "Gruesse an die Heimath," Kromer; (a) "Being's Mystery," J. A. Jahn, (b) "Die Drei Lieder," Nawratil, (c) "On the Road to Mandalay," Speaks, Harry Clifford Lott; Male Chorus (a capella), "Old Folks at Home," and "Dixie Land," "Recognition of Land," Grieg.

An interest in chamber music is being awakened in many of the eastern cities, as is evidenced by an editorial

"Revival of Chamber Music" in a recent number of "Musical America." It is bound to come in every city in time, for it is through the hearing of ensemble work of instruments and voices that the greatest educational benefit is derived. The hearing of opera does not compare with it. All that the public needs is a taste, and the habit will follow.

Mrs. H. M. Eichelberger (née Elizabeth Jordan) certainly surprised her friends by her marriage last week. She did not even give the interested public the pleasure of the usual preliminary gossip. However, we all forgive her, and wish her the happiest of happy married life. Mr. Eichelberger is indeed a fortunate man, and must not take it to heart if he is thought of, for a whole, among the musical fraternity, as "Elizabeth Jordan's husband."

Archibald Sessions, organist of Christ Episcopal church, has returned from Paris and London. Mr. Sessions is a progressive musician, and got what he went for, new ideas, new music for his fourth season of organ recitals, and much added experience in his line. Aside from his organ work with Guil-mant he studied piano with Wagner Swaync.

Frank C. Collier, the baritone, has remained in London since January, studying with Victor Beigel. Lately, Mr. Collier has been studying oratorio with Watkin Mills. Mr. and Mrs. Collier return to Los Angeles in December.

The first Ellis club concert is set for Nov. 3. The Orpheus and Lyric clubs follow soon after, and then comes the first of six chamber concerts of the Lott-Krauss series. Following it, the first Symphony concert, with the great Gogorza as soloist.

L. E. Behymer is in San Francisco completing his list of attractions for the season and Los Angeles is certainly more fortunate than ever, for some of the greatest artists of the world will visit here next winter.

Miss Alice Coleman of Pasadena will be in Los Angeles certain days this winter, and will share the studio with Miss Beresford Joy in the Y.M.C.A. building.

Miss Frieda Koss, the contralto, who is well known here, has returned from Germany, and is at present in St. Paul. Miss Koss will do concert and oratorio work in the East this season.

It is certainly to be hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker will be heard in recitals this season. Such delightful programs as were given by them last spring should be continued.

Frank H. Colby, organist of St. Vibiana's, has returned from the East, and Arnold Krauss is due this week from a rest passed at Coronado and Sunset beach.

Miss Gertrude Cohen has arrived safely in Germany. Miss Cohen is ripe, musically, now, and will profit hugely by her good fortune in receiving lessons from Paderewski.

Charles A. Bowes will leave for Europe within a few days, Paris being his ultimate destination, where he will study with Oscar Seagle, assistant to Jean De Reske.

Mr. Jackson S. Gregg, tenor of the Temple Auditorium choir, and Mrs. Gregg, have gone East for a two months' stay.

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## PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

By Ruth Burke.

## EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY—Miss Hattie Bradford, 4555 Pasadena ave., card party and buffet luncheon for bridge club; afternoon.

TUESDAY—Mrs. Herbert Howard, luncheon at Hotel Virginia for Miss Mary Widney; afternoon.

WEDNESDAY—Miss Beulah Price, 2627 Severance st., dinner for Miss Ella Bradley of Evanston, Ill.; evening. Dr. and Mrs. Elbert Wing, 2156 W. Adams st., dinner for Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gorham; evening. Mrs. Charles B. Nichols, 1006 Park View ave., entertains West Lake Bridge club; afternoon.

THURSDAY—Wedding of Miss Florence Ganahl and Mr. J. W. Sharp, in Sacred Heart church. Mrs. D. C. Wallace and Mrs. Clara Wallace Hinsdale, 1684 Roosevelt ave., afternoon tea.

FRIDAY—Miss Mercedes Ellis, Western ave., luncheon for Miss Edna Peyton; afternoon.

Invitations will be issued soon for the wedding of Miss Pearl Vollmer and Mr. William Wells Mines, Tuesday evening, September 29, at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral. The event will be of much interest to members of the younger set. Contrary to expectations, however, the ceremony will be marked by extreme simplicity. Miss Vollmer, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman F. Vollmer of 614 Coronado street, will have only one attendant, her sister, Miss Pauline Vollmer. Mr. Mines will have as his best man Dr. Theodore G. Finley. Following the ceremony at the church, supper will be served at the home of the bride's parents for the bridal party and the immediate members of the two families. Miss Vollmer is a beautiful girl and aside from her attractive personality, is possessed of a rarely sweet voice, which despite the persuasion of friends she has cultivated only for the entertainment of herself and favored ones. Mr. Mines is a member of the realty firm of Mines & Farish, and is prominent in business, club and society circles.

Bachelors of the city this week learned with much surprise that Alex MacKeigan, one of the most popular of their number, had become a deserter and joined the ranks of the Benedicts. And greater was the shock when they learned that he had been married quietly in San Francisco, their first knowledge of the event coming by telegraph. Miss Dairy Rendall, daughter of Mrs. Stephen Rendall, of 905 South Alvarado street, is the bride, and her intimate circle of friends were as much amazed as Mr. MacKeigan's when apprised of the marriage. She had been visiting in the north with friends for the last fortnight, and first news of the nuptials was conveyed in a message wired to her mother. The ceremony took place in Grace Episcopal church, Tuesday, Bishop Nichols officiating. The bride with her sister is one of the favorites in the local smart set. She is widely traveled and talented. Mr. MacKeigan, or "Keigie," as he is more popularly known, is a member of the California club, of the Los Angeles Country club, and the Annandale Country club. He is associated with the firm of Mines & Farish of this city. After a few weeks which they will pass in San Francisco at the Hotel Fairmont, Mr. and Mrs. MacKeigan will return to Los Angeles to make their home.

Miss Elsa Milner, one of the most talented young women of Los Angeles, was the guest of honor Monday evening at a box party given at the Belasco by her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. McDonald of La Salle avenue. Following the performance a supper was served at the Alexandria. Besides the guest of honor, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald entertained Gen-

eral and Mrs. Robert Wankowski, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Vickrey, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Featherstone, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus L. Horton, Miss Winifred Llewellyn, Mr. Michord and Mr. John Milner. Miss Milner has put in much time in study abroad, receiving many honors seldom conferred upon a woman. At the University of Chicago, from which institution she has recently received the degree of bachelor of philosophy, she gained two scholarships, and won the highest honors. She will leave Sept. 24 for the east, where she will pursue her studies further.

Seven of Los Angeles' prominent business men have returned from a few days' outing at Catalina, and the fact that they have no stories to relate of their trip, no boasts of big catches, is making their friends suspicious, for even the most truthful follower of Isaac Walton finds it difficult in the after-telling not to add a few extra pounds' weight to the fish he has or has not hooked. However, the members of this party cheerfully acknowledge that the fish bit only "so-so," and that not one of them won a button, after three days' angling. Those who enjoyed the sport were Messrs. R. I. Rogers, J. W. Wilkinson, A. S. Halsted, J. R. Talfey, M. L. Davidson, J. C. Wickham, and Henry Kinsley of Tombstone, Ariz.

Touring parties each year have become more popular as a mode of summer vacation travel, and this season has been marked by the many auto trips made by society folk to the nearby coast and other pleasure resorts. Among those making a more extensive tour are Dr. and Mrs. Guy I. Cochran, and Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland. The party left Dunkirk, N. Y., the former home of Mrs. Garland, Monday, and are now motoring through Canada. They plan to return to Maine and New York again before making their homeward trip.

Mrs. Edward Jones Price has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Beulah Marie, to Mr. David Emery Bradley, the ceremony to take place Tuesday evening, Sept. 22, at St. John's Episcopal church. After Nov. 1, they will be at home Wednesdays at 2627 Severance street. Miss Price, who is one of the attractive members of the younger society set, is the recipient of much attention, and a number of pre-nuptial entertainments will be given for her and her fiancé within the next fortnight.

Many delightful affairs have been given recently in compliment to Mrs. Mark Lee Lewis, who has been visiting for a number of months at the home of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Howell. Mrs. Lewis, who is notably beautiful, was chosen queen of the fiesta several years ago, when that gorgeous pageant was first established in Los Angeles as an annual feature. The many friends who have welcomed Mrs. Lewis here are regretting that she is soon to leave for her home in Burlington, Iowa.

Mrs. George J. Denis of 610 Westlake avenue, was hostess Thursday afternoon at a charmingly appointed luncheon. Pale pink carnations predominated in the table and house decorations. Guests were Mrs. Randolph H. Miner, Mrs. Le Moyne Wills, Mrs. Walter Newhall, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. J. J. Meyler, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. James C. Drake, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, and Miss Alberta Denis.

Miss Mary Widney and Mr. Sidney N. Reeve have chosen Nov. 5 as the date for their marriage. The wedding will take place in the evening at the chapel of Rev. J. P. Widney, who is an uncle of the bride. Following the church ceremony a reception will be

given at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Widney of West Jefferson street.

Dr. and Mrs. Elbert Wing of 2156 West Adams street will entertain informally at dinner Wednesday evening in compliment to their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gorham, the latter being a sister of Mrs. Wing. Covers at the dinner will be laid for Mr. and Mrs. Gorham, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Clover and Dr. and Mrs. Wing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hampton left Wednesday for the East, accompanied by their niece, Miss Francis Ray, who will enter college at St. Mary's of the Wood, Indiana. Mr. Hampton will return to his mills on Puget Sound, Oct. 1, and will join Mrs. Hampton again in Washington, D. C., after the holidays, where they will stay for several months.

Miss Josephine McMillan and Miss Flora Guthrie entertained Thursday afternoon with a trolley ride and a luncheon at Alamitos Bay, in compliment to Miss Beulah Price, whose marriage to Mr. David Bradley will take place in the near future. Guests included the bridal party only.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Stevens of Garvalia, San Gabriel, and Mrs. Emmerton have returned from a lengthy automobile trip up the coast and back as far as Berkeley, stopping at Del Monte, Carmel, San Francisco and other interesting places en route.

Miss Grace Burke of this city, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Burke of 505 Andrews boulevard, has entered Stanford, making English her major study. Mrs. Burke with another daughter is at Palo Alto, where she has taken a cottage for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Busch of 2715 Portland street, have returned from an extended visit with friends near Palo Alto. They went up and back in Mr. Busch's machine, and altogether accomplished 3500 miles from the time they left Los Angeles.

Mrs. Henderson Hayward of Wilshire boulevard, accompanied by her little daughter, Julia, left today for San Diego, where they will be guests of Mrs. Aubrey Davidson for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wells of Ellendale Place, with their two daughters, Misses Helen and Louise Wells, left the first of the week for the East, where they plan to pass a month or six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Booth of Magnolia avenue are expected to return from Europe about Nov. 1. At present they are in London, and plan to travel in Italy before leaving the continent.

Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Cochran, who have been passing the summer months at Hotel Redondo, will return to their home here the latter part of September.

Mrs. Ira Smith of Courtland avenue, was hostess recently at an informal luncheon given at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, in compliment to Miss Elsa Milner.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmond D. Otto of 1515 South Hoover street, were host and hostess Friday evening at a reception given in celebration of their silver wedding anniversary.

Announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Warren Campbell of Hollywood of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Jane Campbell, to Mr. Victor B. Stewart.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert L. Greene and the latter's sister, Miss Lucy Smith, of Fort Worth, Texas, who have been passing the summer months at the

Hinman, left today for their home. Dr. Greene, who formerly was assistant chief surgeon of the Santa Fe system, is now a prominent business man of Fort Worth.

Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Day of 12 St. James park, are entertaining as house guests for a month Mr. and Mrs. John F. Day of New Orleans. The latter have been passing the summer in travel in the north, and upon their return to their southern home will be accompanied by Miss Gretchen Day. In December Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Day will go to New Orleans, where they will join their daughter and Mr. and Mrs. John F. Day, and the party will sail early in January for Europe, where they will travel for a year. Mrs. R. V. Day and Miss Day are delightful hostesses, and their many entertainments have always formed a pleasurable feature of the winter social events.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Perin Johnson of Twenty-eighth and Severance streets with Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dick, Miss Sadie Johnson and their children will return Monday from Venice, where they have been passing the summer months.

After a vacation trip to the Grand Canyon, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McVey with their children returned today to their home on West Twenty-ninth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Aman Moore of Hobart boulevard, are expected to return home the middle of this month from an extensive trip to Seattle and other northern cities.

Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell of 1000 Arapahoe street have been entertaining Mrs. M. F. Le Roy, Miss Alma Le Roy and Allen Le Roy of Manchester, Pa., for a fortnight.

Judge Curtis D. Wilbur is contrasting the mountain climbing at Lake Tahoe this week, with his eyrie up San Gabriel canyon, where he put in the greater part of his summer vacation.

In the absence of Captain Randolph H. Miner in Mexico, Mrs. Miner is a guest at the home of her mother, Mrs. Mary Longstreet.

Miss Margaret Woollacott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Woollacott, with Mrs. Emil Ducommun, is taking a two weeks' outing at Idyllwild.

Mr. Byron Erkenbrecher with his family has taken a cottage at 759 North Ocean Front, Ocean Park, for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. John F. Francis of South Bonnie Brae street, with Miss Forman, daughter of General Forman, has returned from Lake Tahoe.

Miss May Cotter and Miss Kate Clark, two charming members of the younger set, have returned from their vacation, passed at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bronson have returned from their trip to Europe, and are at the Alexandria for the fall and winter months.

Mr. Archibald Sessions is back after a trip of two or three months in Europe.

Mrs. Ferd K. Rule is in Paso Robles, the guest for a month of her sister, Mrs. L. Brewer.

Mrs. Willoughby Rodman is enjoying a two weeks' visit with friends on a ranch near Duarte.

Dr. John C. Ferbert has returned from an outing at Catalina, much refreshed by his brief rest.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fishburn of 2266 Harvard boulevard have returned from a week's outing at Squirrel Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald of 2315 West Adams street are planning to leave the early part of next week



for a trip of two or three weeks in the north. Mr. Fitzgerald has been enjoying several days' outing at Mt. Wilson, returning Tuesday of this week.

Among the prominent Los Angeles folk who registered at Hotel Coronado the last week are Mrs. H. M. Russell, Miss Eva Elizabeth Keating, Mr. George G. Keating, Mr. F. M. Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Luton, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Sisson, Mr. W. T. Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Matthews, Mr. E. V. Stewart, Mr. A. T. Jackson, Mr. C. T. Ballschewer, Mr. C. W. Hawk, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Snyder, Mr. Joseph W. Snyder, Mr. Leo Heinzenman, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Roberts, Mr. Roger Deering, Mrs. C. H. Sawyer, Mr. C. Yale, Mr. and Mrs. Berthold Baruch, Mr. Herbert Baruch, Mr. Arthur Baruch, Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Cribb, Mr. J. Y. Bedell, Miss Bedell, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holliday, Mr. O. T. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Hopkins, Mr. J. B. Haltzelaw, Mr. B. T. Hook, Mrs. W. S. Hook and maid, Mr. J. J. Malone, Mrs. George McKeon, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Yoakum, Mr. and Mrs. Judson M. Davis and son, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Edwards, Mrs. Allison Barlow, Miss Hazel Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. T. Halff, Mrs. Max Blumenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kirby, Mr. C. E. Lawson, Mr. W. K. Barnard, Mr. H. Bowles, Mr. D. H. Ramboz and Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Eshman and child.

### Woman and Her Ways.

Two hundred and fifty women attended the Republican convention of California. They marched through the streets carrying banners, and instead of being molested as they often are in England, they were cheered. They occupied the front rows of gallery seats and were courteously treated.

In Louisiana the legislature has been wrestling with a proposal to make women eligible to serve on educational and charitable boards. Representative Shattuck, the tallest man in the legislature, was the chief champion of the bill. This moves the Woman's Journal to say: "It has been often remarked that big men, from Phillips Brooks down, are more prone to be just and generous in their attitude toward women than men of smaller size. It is the weak and second-rate men who have the most fear of women's competition. The really strong man is not afraid of what his sister may do to him if her hands are not legally tied."

Interest has recently been centered in the choice of the six greatest women in America and clubwomen, who have started the discussion, have made many lists, but one which seems to have gained the greater number of supporters gives precedence to Julia Ward Howe for her long life of patriotism and usefulness; Jane Addams because of her helpfulness and practical reform among the poor; Helen Keller for her wonderful perseverance in overcoming obstacles; Maud Ballington Booth for her work in uplifting the fallen; Frances Folsom Cleveland, as the embodiment of American wifehood and motherhood, and Helen Gould for her philanthropy.

Hoods, the long-discarded headwear, soon may become a prevailing style. In London they are already being worn to a considerable extent and milliners prophesy they may gain a general popularity. Among the prettiest styles are those shaped like a friar's cowl. They are dainty in appearance, especially those made of the soft taffeta, lined with satin, and trimmed about the front and around the neck with ruffles of lace. In the introduction of hoods they are being worn only when going to and from the theater, or other evening entertainments, and when traveling.

### ART AND ARTISTS.

By René T. de Quelin.

E. A. Burbank has returned from the Indian country with interesting pictures of American aboriginals of the Southwest. This artist heretofore confined himself to portraiture of the different tribes, but this time he gives interesting scenes in their daily life. All of these pictures, consisting of fourteen canvases, will be on exhibition in the Kanst Art galleries, from Sept. 16, where they can be seen for several weeks. Mr. Burbank has carried out all his subjects with skill and unusual patient attention to the smallest detail; nothing has been left out or ignored, thus making the canvases of more than ordinary interest. There are few who realize the difficulties, and at times, dangers, of living among the different tribes in order to study the Indians in a thorough manner. Mr. Burbank evidently suffered a great deal on his last trip, though he was able to rent a hogan—which is a small hut made of crude logs stood up on end and plastered in between with mud to keep out the weather. It is provided with a hole in the center for a chimney which, according to Indian distinction, is truly substantial quarters. Still there is the question of food and water, both of which are difficult problems to the white man on the desert. One of the most important canvases to be shown is the "Hopi Snake Dance," full of intense interest, good in color, composition and drawing; very life-like and well executed. Another canvas that will attract attention is a band of Navajos squatting on the earthen floor of a hogan, playing cards by firelight. This calls for the artist's ability in depicting the serious expressions on the different faces, all absorbed with intense interest in the game of chance to which the Indian is so addicted. Other canvases give the daily life of the Indian within the sacred precincts of his home; the weaving of blankets, for which the Navajos are so celebrated. In all, the pictures are of uncommon interest and will more than repay a visit.

It is with pleasure that one hears that Frederick Melville Du Mond has been commissioned by the Santa Fe railroad to paint the Grand canyon. There is no doubt that the right artist has been chosen; one who has been specially trained, and has devoted his energies to big work and one who is of large, broad mind by nature, making him unusually able to grasp the immensity of such a scene. Mr. Du Mond has just left for the East, stopping at the canyon en route, to make the necessary sketches and memoranda requisite for such important work.

Among the new comers to the art colony in the Blanchard building is Mrs. L. A. Sasakuri, who decorates lace in colors and gold, the coloring being extremely rich and soft. Her studio is open every afternoon to the public.

Nineteenth annual exhibit of the New York Water Color club has been announced to take place from Oct. 31 to Nov. 22, at the American Fine Arts Society galleries, 57th street, New York City. Only water colors and pastels never before exhibited and strictly original will be accepted; also miniatures, which must be framed in groups. William R. Beal will award a cash prize of two hundred dollars for the best water color, which will be selected by the following jury: Reynolds Beal, W. Verplank Binney, Colin Campbell Cooper, Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman, Albert Herter, E. Irving Couse, F. Luis Mora, Miss Clara T. MacChesney, Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, M. Peterson, Cullen Yates and Edward H. Potthast. All

works accepted and placed on exhibition cannot be removed until the exhibition is over.

Fifty-three post stations on the Taikaido—the highway between Yeddo and Kyoto—in the series of Japanese prints by Hiroshige, from the collection of Frank Lloyd Wright are on exhibition in the New Gallery, Chicago, to remain until Sept. 19. This interesting succession of pictures of rural scenes and peasants at work made Hiroshige famous. Edition after edition of prints was issued to satisfy the popular demand, until the blocks were worn out; then they were re-engraved and printed again. Hiroshige is the last great name in the history of the Ukiyo-e school, an indefatigable worker, who saw beauty and interest on every side.

Chicago Art institute has issued a preliminary announcement of the events in the calendar for the autumn and winter. The season opens earlier than usual owing to the numerous applications for the privileges of making exhibitions. The first show of paintings will be those of "The Eight," the most recent group of New York painters who have declared their independence of the traditions of the older societies. They are George B. Luks, Maurice B. Prendergast, Everett Shinn, Arthur B. Davies, Robert Henri, William T. Glackens, John Sloan and Ernest Lawson. All these have been represented in the larger exhibitions of American painters, and have attracted attention by their originality. The exhibition will open Tuesday and at the same time there will be a special view of landscapes by Charles L. A. Smith of the Chicago Society of Artists, and a group of works by the late Thomas S. Noble of Cincinnati.

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#### Woodbury Business College Receives.

Woodbury Business college gave an informal reception Thursday evening, celebrating the occupancy of its new home in the new Hamburger building. A program of music, vocal and instrumental selections was presented and a feature of the occasion was a number of addresses by leading business and professional men of the city.

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## STOCKS, BONDS, FINANCE.

By Albert Seidl

That bank holidays are not conducive to good business was amply demonstrated in the past week, when the financial district rested from labor on two different occasions. In spite of the fact that the forced interruption kept the volume of trading at a minimum, prices for securities have been more than ordinarily steady.

Stock Exchange alley has been whispering for several days that Los Angeles Home pfd. is to pass its November dividend. Reliable information on the subject is not readily obtainable, but my prediction is there is nothing tangible in the report.

For its own good name, the older of the two exchanges has in hand the matter of crooked price-listing, a practice that has prevailed here from time immemorial, and one that has not been to the best interests of the stock board. I doubt if anything will come of the half-hearted investigation under way, for the simple reason that most of the exchange membership is much too anxious to continue the existing order. There is more in it for brokers who are inclined to give customers only what they are forced to show up in the way of prices, in off-board sales, than there would be with every transaction registered in the open.

Los Angeles Nevada exchange memberships are going begging at about half their original price of \$200 and, as was predicted in this column months ago would happen, the new exchange never will become a serious factor in the financial life of the community until such a time as everything of a legitimate character in the line of securities, is traded in and listed, instead of the specializing of Nevada mining shares, good, bad and indifferent, as now.

The calling of a few of the best known oils, started some time ago, has been only a partial solution of a serious problem. Dues again are to be increased to \$10 monthly, I am informed, and with the Goldfield contingent of brokers largely scattered, and with about \$15,000 cash in its treasury, the mining exchange, so called, should make a renewed attempt to amalgamate with its older rival. There is not room here for two exchanges.

Bonds continue to show a broadening market, with the public utilities and bank stocks also much steadier than they have been in months.

Money is easing, with loans recently made at six per cent, the first time since the panic set in about a year ago.

Union and affiliated corporations in their new tabloid form have made their first appearance. The asked price should go lower to be attractive.

Union oil appears to be heading toward 150.

## Effect of Gold Supply on Prices.

Byron W. Holt, writing in Harper's Weekly on the effects of the gold depreciation on prices and values, argues that the rise in average prices of materials, goods and supplies is consistent with the increase in the gold supply. He cites the fact that from 1897 to 1907 the world's monetary supply increased about fifty per cent and in the same period average prices were about sixty per cent in this country. From March, 1907, to June, 1908, prices declined about fifteen per cent, both in this country and England. July 1, 1908, prices were one per cent higher than they were June 1. It is probable that they have risen three or four per cent since July 1, and not improbable that they will have recovered all of the fifteen per cent decline before the end of 1909.

Mr. Holt argues that the effects on

industry of this rise and inflation will be striking. As soon as merchants, builders, and speculators become aware of the fact that prices have again begun to rise rapidly, there will be a scramble to buy materials, goods and supplies. Consequently, within the next three months, and regardless of the presidential election, we may expect to see a remarkable revival in business. Possibly, by next year, we will have as many rush orders as we had in 1906, and our producing and distributing facilities will then be taxed to their utmost capacity.

It is asserted that this spasmodic development of industry will continue as long as our standard of value shall continue to depreciate rapidly. The spasms will gradually become more pronounced and the spasm periods shorter. Instead of twenty or ten-year panic cycles we are likely to have five-year cycles. Periods of great industrial activity and of business paralysis will follow each other in rapid succession.

The next great fundamental effect on security values comes from the higher rates of interest that result from gold depreciation. Strange as it may seem, more gold does not mean cheaper money—at least not in rates of interest. It means higher rates and, consequently, lower prices for bonds, preferred stocks and most other long-time obligations drawing fixed rates of interest, dividends or income.

As a result of rising prices and higher interest rates the cost of materials and operation will be enhanced, so that by 1909 or 1910 freight and passenger rates must follow suit. Great friction is predicted, due to the efforts of politicians to stem the upward tendency. It is not a comfortable outlook, chiefly because rising prices and cost of living necessitate higher money wages. The fact that wages rise more slowly than prices is one great cause of discontent.

## Banks on a Sound Basis.

With a few exceptions the banks of the state are reported to be in sound condition. W. S. Vawter of Santa Monica, state bank commissioner, who recently returned from a trip to San Francisco, has stated that by January there undoubtedly will be 600 banks holding state charters, an increase of one hundred over the present figures. There is a new law under preparation by the bank committee of the legislature, for the presentation at the next legislative assembly, which has for its object the appointment of additional bank commissioners. At this time there are only three members and the amount of work devolving upon the commission is said to be too great to be properly executed. Another plan which the bank committee has in hand is for the division of the state into districts. The committee will meet with the commission in San Francisco September 14, when the matter will be taken up further.

In the public statement issued by the state commissioners it is stated that the sound condition of the 506 state banks is the best indication of the generally sound condition financially of the industries and business of this coast.

Of the 506 banks, 16 are private institutions, 134 are savings banks and 356 commercial banks. In the aggregate all these institutions have deposits amounting to \$406,663.07, divided as follows: commercial banks, \$160,410,763.20; savings banks, \$246,102,659.04 and private banks \$2,111,240.93. They aggregate \$62,821,812.03 of capital paid up, \$28,187,894.26 in money on hand, loans on real estate aggregating \$90,098,518.82, and loans on stocks and bonds amounting to \$98,894,392.62.

In a decree signed by Judge Erskine M. Ross of the United States court of

appeals, judgments aggregating a million and a quarter dollars were made against the Bear Valley Irrigation company in favor of the Citizens' Savings and Trust company. The suit brought by the company was for the collection of the interest and principal on 300 promissory notes of \$1,000 each, the total with interest amounting to considerably more than a million dollars.

Los Angeles bank clerks are making extensive preparations for their annual outing, to be held at Playa del Rey September 13. A program of athletic contests and other pleasure events will be featured.

Judge O'Brien of Tonopah, Nev., has overruled the decision in the Thomas B. Rickey case and has announced that the former president and principal director of the defunct Nevada State Bank and Trust Co. must stand trial.

John F. Andrews, at a recent meeting of the German-American Savings bank was elected cashier to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of W. F. Callender, who becomes the new president of the Bank of Los Angeles. Mr. Andrews has been identified with local banking circles for a number of years and was assistant cashier of the Union Savings bank at the time of the merger into the German-American Savings bank.

Indictments have been returned against A. F. Martel, president; W. B. Nash, a former cashier and director and L. B. Haven, cashier of the defunct Market street bank of San Francisco. The indictments of the grand jury charge the return of a false report to the bank commissioners. The three accused men are in custody under bonds of \$10,000 in each case.

Tucson, Arizona, bankers will adopt a resolution in the near future endorsing Los Angeles as the next meeting place for the American Bankers' association. Tucson citizens hope to arrange with the Southern Pacific railroad officials to stop all trains at that point and permit them to entertain the visitors during their lay-over.

With an impromptu reception the Bank of California opened its magnificent new million dollar structure at California and Sansome streets, San Francisco, Tuesday morning. The building is of Roman Corinthian style of architecture, with huge granite pillars at the front and side. The ceilings are fifty feet from the floor, with no supports other than at the side walls. Roman columns stand out from the walls and their top designs are spread into the ceiling, harmonizing with its colors of gold and blue. The interior materials are marble and metal and the general tone of gray. The structure was begun soon after the fire.

Articles of incorporation of the Farmers and Merchants bank of Yuma have been filed with the county recorder, the capital stock of the corporation being \$50,000. George Fishbaugh, T. W. Behrenfeld and J. W. Young are the incorporators.

American National bank's new rule of loaning its facilities toward the traffic in approved mining securities as collateral is certain to prove a decided success, and one that will doubtless cause the other banks to pursue a similar practice.

## Stock and Bond Briefs.

It is reported that the Little Lake school district bonds have been rejected on a technicality. This may mean a delay in the building of an additional school room.

Compton school district bonds in the sum of \$20,000 were sold this week to the state board of examiners at a premium of \$660. The Los Angeles Trust Co. purchased \$2,750 of the

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Roosevelt school district bonds at a premium of \$27.

At Pasadena a citizens' committee, with former mayor M. H. Weight in active charge, has formally opened its campaign against the water bonds.

Territorial national guard armory building bonds to the amount of \$40,000 bearing 4 per cent interest were sold recently at Santa Fe, N. M., to Spitzer & Co., bankers of Toledo, Ohio, for \$39,625 and accrued interest.

Ventura county supervisors have decided to take no definite action toward calling the good roads bond election until after the November election. Bonds to the amount of \$620,000 are proposed for the building of roadways.

James Adams Co., and the Los Angeles Trust Co., this week purchased the entire issue of the \$3,500,000 good roads bonds voted for in July. The joint premium was one-quarter of 1 per cent and the transaction was made at private sale. The transaction does not satisfy the advisory committee to the board of supervisors and an investigation is in progress.

Supervisors of Orange county are advertising for sealed bids for the purchase of school bonds in the Laguna district in the sum of \$3,500 or any portion. Bids are to be received until September 21.

Olinda school bonds in the sum of \$5,000 have been sold to the Los Angeles Trust Co. at \$30 premium.

At a meeting held Tuesday by the directors, an assessment of \$5 a share was levied upon the capital stock of the Emergency Hospital association.

Directors of the Ocean View Cemetery association have levied an assessment of 17 cents a share upon the capital stock of the corporation.

Bids were opened in San Francisco Tuesday for the purchase of \$3,200,000 municipal bonds of the new issue of

\$18,000,000. Of the bids opened the highest was that of N. W. Harris Co. for \$3,514,520. The bids of Los Angeles firms were J. H. Adams, \$3,497,000 and the Los Angeles Trust Co., \$3,497,500. The bonds bear 5 per cent interest.

Citizens of Morkel, Texas, have petitioned for an election to vote on a \$25,000 bond issue to run 40 years, the proceeds to be used for installing a water works system.

Good roads for Santa Barbara county have been practically assured by the supervisors acceptance of the highway commissioners' report, which recommended improvements to 124.13 miles at a cost of \$1,265,000. The election for voting on the issue was called for October 10, but owing to error in the call the proceedings will have to be reconsidered.

Rudolph Kleybolte & Co. of Chicago and New York have sent a representative to San Diego to close a deal for \$100,000 of the water improvement issue.

#### Quips and Jibes.

The report of the coming of prosperity is semi-officially endorsed. The United States treasurer advises people to eat seven meals a day.—Baltimore American.

This would be a better world if the average citizen took as intelligent an interest in politics as he does in baseball.—Chicago News.

The Atlanta Constitution notes that Dr. Wiley has "praised Kentucky whisky to the skies." Which will doubtless please even those Kentuckians who are not going in that direction.—Washington Post.

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"Respectfully,

"E. L. Doheny, President

"Norman Bridge, Secretary

"August 28th, 1908."

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## AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOISTS

### Time Extended for Cup Race.

Owing to the slowness with which entries to the Vanderbilt cup race are coming in, Jefferson De Mont Thompson, chairman of the William M. Vanderbilt Cup commission has announced that the time for closing the entries will be extended from September 1 to October 1, at the regular entrance fee of \$1,000. To date, only five entries have been made for the race, which is to take place over the Long Island Motor Parkway, October 24, and it is rumored that one of these, a Chalmers-Detroit, has been withdrawn. The other announced entries are a Mora, Acme, and Chadwick, all American cars, and a German Mercedes entered by Robert Graves, a member of the A. A. A. racing board. The Mora and Chadwick entries were made by the manufacturers of the cars and the Acme and Chalmers-Detroit were entered by agents. It has been informally stated that a Thomas would be entered and also a special racer which is being built for one of the Roebing family of Trenton, N. J. One feature to which the small number of entries is probably due is the action of the Automobile club which has announced that it will disqualify entrants and drivers of cars competing for the Vanderbilt cup. This has had the effect of keeping a number of firms from entering as the disqualification would be upheld by the national European clubs that are members of the International Association of recognized automobile clubs. Indications are that a number of the conservative automobile makers of this country will seek to induce the officials of the two warring clubs to patch up their differences.

### Course for the Cup Race.

Information concerning the course picked for the Vanderbilt cup race shows that the run will be by far the fastest ever selected in any country for an automobile speed event. It will be possible for the winning car to attain an average speed of fully 70 miles an hour. There are few hills along the course and these of only a small percent climb. More than one-half of the circuit is slightly down-grade, the other half being practically a dead level, including eleven miles of specially laid cement highway, more than twenty feet wide at its narrowest point, banked and dished upon all turns, with easy grades approaching railroad and public highway crossings. The remainder of the circuit comprises state and county roads which are in the trim of condition.

### Two Big Clubs at Outs.

Differences between the Automobile Club of America and the American Automobile association seem to widen rather than otherwise and the controversy threatens to become one of serious import unless a settlement can be accomplished in the near future. The American Automobile association has sent broadcast announcement to the effect that Charles Jerome Edwards, president of the Long Island Automobile club had wired Robert Lee Morrell, chairman of the contest committee of the Automobile club of America, demanding that his name be withdrawn from use in connection with the proposed Brighton Beach twenty-four-hour race, which he brands as an "outlaw" event. Mr. Edwards further requested Mr. Morrell to withdraw his name from all publicity which is being sent out with a view of promoting the race. Further evidence of the existing ill-will between the two organizations is displayed in the following dispatch which the American Automobile as-

sociation authorizes for publicity; "Charles J. Swain, the Philadelphia representative of the American Automobile association racing board, who was scheduled as a judge of the 'outlaw' race, without being consulted, has notified the promoters of the race that he will have nothing to do with it." In connection with the controversy W. W. Cowen, president of the Automobile Club of Kansas City has sent the following telegram to the American Automobile association: "Cannot understand why rumor is so persistently circulated that the Automobile Club of Kansas City has withdrawn from the American Automobile association. We wish to express to you, most emphatically, our allegiance to the American Automobile association and to authorize you to deny any statement to the contrary."

### Tire Prices Take a Drop.

Good news to all autoists is the big reduction made in automobile tire prices. Second in importance is the fact that nearly all cars are to sell for considerably less the coming season either as new models or in additional equipment. This reduction in the cost of motoring will mean much in the greater popularizing of automobiles, allowing the man of more limited means to own a car for business and pleasure. Several of the well-known manufacturers have announced a popular line of small cars ranging in price from \$1,200 to \$2,000.

### Reckless Speeders Warned.

Twenty thousand members of the American Automobile association scattered over the United States have received a notice issued by the association to the effect that a drastic anti-automobile legislation is to be enacted in several of the eastern states, particularly in Connecticut and New York, if reckless speeding is not stopped. The Connecticut automobile law is regarded as one of the model vehicle laws of the country, but it is threatened that these laws will be repealed and a more stringent one substituted unless a hurried reform among the speed maniacs is brought about. The association is appealing to its members to give heed to the warning which comes from the East and which if allowed to spread will result in the enactment of laws in the different states which will be so radical and violent against the motor car that it will be impossible for the association to obtain a uniform state motor vehicle measure or a federal automobile bill.

### Mr. Lord is Enthusiastic.

P. A. Lord, manager of the Lord Motor Car Co., returned Thursday from a two months' business and pleasure trip to the East. Mr. Lord, who was accompanied by his family, passed a great part of his time in motoring through the eastern states, and speaks with enthusiasm of the roads there, giving especial praise to the use of oil over the macadam foundation. "While this method of treating the roads is as yet only in its experimental stage," said Mr. Lord, "it undoubtedly will prove far superior to the mixing of oil and dirt, such as we use in road making here." He speaks with pride of the new models of the Studebaker car, which he states is a surprising improvement of former models.

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MOTOR CARS

WM. J. BATCHELDER & CO.  
12th AND MAIN

### Myrick & Company

Eastern Races by Wire  
All Tracks Where Racing is in Progress.  
Commissions Accepted  
121 West First Street  
End of Central Ave. car line.  
Take Vernon Car, Second and Spring Streets  
Home Phone 572, Main 57

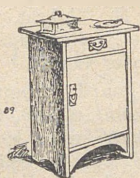
"San Diego"



In a Class by Itself. Families Supplied.  
Iroquois Bottling Co.  
EXCLUSIVE BOTTLERS  
FOR LOS ANGELES...

F 1646 - - - - - Main 431

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS HERE FOR



CRAFTSMAN  
FURNITURE

Gustave Stickley is the originator and only manufacturer of Craftsman Furniture. We show a large stock of these goods.

Pease Bros.  
Furniture Co.  
640-646 SOUTH HILL ST.  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA  
LOS ANGELES



A Triumph in fireproof construction. Spanish Renaissance in Steel, Tile and Marble. Combined with the facilities and conveniences of the Electric Age. MISSION INDIAN GRILL. Unique, Enchanting. Open from 11 a. m. till after midnight. Business People's noonday lunch. After theater parties. A la carte.

### Christopher's ICE CREAM FOR SUNDAY DESSERT

A Necessity in Warm Weather  
Scientifically Made. Pure  
Healthful and Refreshing

Christopher's  
241 S. Spring St. 341 S. Broadway  
PHONES: Exchange 303. South 303

### CAFÉ BRISTOL

The high-class appointments, perfect service, and unexcelled menu of the  
CAFÉ BRISTOL  
appeals to discriminating people.  
ENTIRE BASEMENT H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.  
FOURTH AND SPRING



FAMILY TRADE SOLICITED  
Phones, Sunset East 66 Home Ex. 942



# 1000 Homes to be Built by The Largest Cooperative Building Co. in the World

1068 lots have been purchased in the city. Homes have been built on 1350 already

Here is your opportunity to get in the largest, most successful and one of the oldest companies of its kind in the world. Has paid 42 per cent per year cash dividends on an average for past 12 2-3 years and has left \$688,517.17 of profits for future dividends. We have now 1350 stockholders, and want 650 more.

**No Stockholder Has Ever Lost a Penny By Selling, Even During the Panic**

Net profits from all sources for past month, \$82,088.84.  
Net profits from all sources for past six months, \$254,336.25.  
Net profits since beginning of panic, Oct. 1st, 1907, \$362,905.13.

One dollar invested 153 months ago is now worth \$89.69.

\$10.00 a month invested with the company for 153 months is now worth \$21,237.82.

Ten cents a day invested with the company for 153 months is now worth \$6,371.35.

The 50th quarterly cash dividend, amounting to \$46,561.60, was paid August 15th. This makes \$168,744.00 in cash dividends paid our stockholders since the late financial panic.

**Total Cash Dividends to Date 544 Per Cent., An Average of 42 Per Cent. Per Year**

A block of 25,000 shares of stock is now for sale at \$2.50 per share. This price will advance to \$2.55 September 30th. All stock of record October 31st will participate in the 51st quarterly cash dividend, payable November 15th. Not more than 1000 shares will be sold to any person. You can start with one dollar or more.

Number of Houses Built  
and Sold to Date, 1439

**This Company Protects Its Small Stockholders**

61 Contracts for Homes  
Taken During June,  
July and August

## GUARANTEE

**THIS IS TO CERTIFY** that this bank holds as trustee a fund valued at over \$17,000 to be used to protect any stockholder in the Los Angeles Investment Company holding stock valued at less than \$500 from loss through being compelled to sell.

GLOBE SAVINGS BANK, by R. H. Morse, Cashier.

## STATEMENT

September 1, 1908.

GLOBE SAVINGS BANK and CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK, Depositories.

### RESOURCES.

Balance due on houses being sold on monthly installments, mortgages, secured loans and houses under construction.	\$1,391,652.33
Building Material Co. stock, including two lumber yards, lumber and planing mills, warehouses, shops, factories, wagons, etc.	161,740.00
Stock in Globe Savings Bank at par (market val. \$61,614.00)	48,900.00
Real estate (market value \$609,892.21)	299,638.53
Fixtures	3,232.50
Cash on hand	43,249.68
	<b>\$1,948,413.04</b>

### NET ASSETS.

Capital stock paid up in cash	\$959,153.00
Surplus and undivided profits	688,517.17
	<b>\$1,647,670.17</b>

### LIABILITIES.

Home certificates and mortgages assumed	290,742.87
Citizens National Bank	10,000.00
No unpaid bills.	
	<b>\$1,948,413.04</b>

DIRECTORS: Chas. A. Elder, President and Manager; Chas. Cassat Davis, Vice-President and Attorney; W. D. Deeble, Secretary; G. M. Derby, Treasurer; A. P. Thomson, Associate Attorney; C. L. Bagley; Harry D. Rodgers.

# LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT CO.

335-337 SOUTH HILL STREET



## Why Has Los Angeles Such a Low Gas Rate?

Because the manufacturers of "L. A. Gas" made it so.

During the past eighteen years we have made thirteen PURELY VOLUNTARY reductions in the price of gas—the last one being to the low rate of

80 Cents Per 1000 Feet

## LOS ANGELES BREWING CO.'S

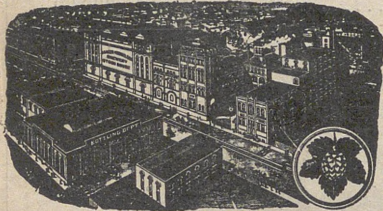


### Bohemian Lager Beer

Phones { Sunset, East 820  
Home, Ex. 820

### "SELECT BREW"

The Beer of the Connoisseur



## Maier Brewing Co.

440 Aliso St.

Both Phones Exchange 91

### LUCILLE'S LETTER.

My dear Harriet:—

Did you know that we have a Fairyland of our own, tucked cosily away on the third floor front of the Boston store—a bewildering vista of the quaint creations conceived by European brains? If you desire to forget the workaday world for a few pleasant moments, just steal up to the art department in this good store, and you will feel quite as refreshed as if you had taken a trip to the Orient. Brasses have always ranked high in the fickle feminine fancy, and such gorgeous ones as the Boston has! Massive coal boxes with clanging lids and great lionhead handles, remind one of medieval days, armored knights and boars-head feasts. Queer, misshapen bowls which look positively weird in the lamplight and which must be irresistible in the firelight, vie in attraction with the oddly-shaped hanging baskets and funny, square jardineeres over which artist rave. And indeed artists well may lapse into hyperbole over the entire department. The lamps to be found here—ranging from wee table ones to giants six feet in height—are artistic in every detail. They come in bronze, with long, beaded fringes and great jewels that wink sullenly when the lights are turned on. The designs are especially good. One beauty represents Bacchus stepping from a screen of exquisitely wrought grape vines; a goblet uplifted in one hand, in the other grapes in which twinkle tiny lights. There are a thousand and one other things to see in this "Arabian Nights" department, and you will find it worth your time to peep in.

At the Ville de Paris they were meritoriously crowding over the new linens which have lately come in. What housekeeper doesn't like to stow away piles of lavender-scented damask; or in Southern fashion, pick up handsome bits for the daughter's trousseau chest? Edibles really taste better when served on a dainty cloth, and it isn't everywhere one can find the said cloth when it is both dainty and substantial. But the Ville has the invaluable knack of combining ever so many sorts of nice things into one. They have a novelty which is really novel in the hand-embroidered linens. These come in bedspreads, pillow shams and tablecloths of finest linen, embroidered carefully and daintily in graceful patterns. Here, too, may be found the new round cloths, from a yard to two and a half yards in length. These cloths come either with the embroidered scalloped edge, the wide hemstitching, or the plain edges. And of course the Ville keeps everything in toweling—beautiful damask, with space for monograms—and the regulation tablecloths, napkins and bedspreads. There is nothing "cheap" at the Ville, so far as quality is concerned, and you may be quite sure that all you buy is "good form."

Dress goods and silks hold the center of the stage at Blackstone's just at present. The latest thing is the Combination Suit, which comes in individual patterns, and is really stunning when made up in trim tailor fashion. The skirts are fashioned from material in fancy striped and plaids; the coats of the plain material, the dominant shades matching perfectly, of course. Materials with wide borders of contrasting shades are also very popular, and have that certain elusive quality we call "fashionable." Broadcloth is a favorite material for the development of fall and winter suits, and there is an endless variety of shades and qualities from which to choose at Blackstones. Silks are always in favor, and the \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50 silks to

be found at this store are things of beauty. As for shades—well, they come in toupe, wisteria, catawba, bisque, peon, canard, and all the peculiarly appealing variations of the season. Taffetas, gros d'Longbone, small brocade chevron and herring stripes, and the jacquard effects are to be discovered here in abundance—a veritable wilderness of the rustling richness dear to feminine heart. And so, dear girl, if you want the materials for anything from a naughty sheath gown to a severely proper tailor suit, just take a look in at Blackstone's.

Only a few days before autumn is upon us, and then I shall have all sorts of glories in the shape of hat and dress vanities to dwell upon. Till then, farewell.

As ever,

Lucille.

South Figueroa street,  
September ninth.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. LAND OFFICE at

Los Angeles, Cal.,

August 3, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Edward W. Lewis, of 420 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on August 3, 1908, made timber or stone entry, No. 0732, for W. 1/2 of N.E. 1/4 and S.E. 1/4 of N.E. 1/4, and N.E. 1/4 of N.W. 1/4, Section 18, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 23rd day of October, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Marion Decker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; M. G. Kelch, of 420 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.; O. H. Kappler, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Perry Cottle, of Sherman, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
Aug. 22—9t; date of first publication  
Aug. 22-08.

### Contest Notice.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

United States Land Office,

Los Angeles, California,

June 11, 1908.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Oscar H. Anderson, contestant, against Homestead entry, No. 11411, made July 17, 1907, for S.E. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4 of Section 19, S.W. 1/4 of S.W. 1/4, Section 20 and N. 1/2 of N.W. 1/4, Section 29, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., by Joseph P. Clarke, contestee, in which it is alleged that the said Joseph P. Clarke has failed to establish a home or residence on said homestead as required by law, to-wit: within six months of the date of filing, and that his absence was not due to being employed in the army, or navy, or Marine Corps of the United States as Officer, Seaman or Marine during war time, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on October 23, 1908, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Los Angeles, Cal.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed June 11, 1908, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

Sept. 12-19-26; Oct. 3.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. LAND OFFICE at

Los Angeles, Cal.,

August 28th, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Clyde W. Dayton of Chatsworth, Los Angeles County, California, who, on August 28th, 1908, made timber or stone entry, No. —, for the E. 1/4 of the N.E. 1/4, of Section 28, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, California, on the 10th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur H. Nash, August Schweikhard, Ferdinand Tetelaff, Charles Woolsey, all of Chatsworth, California.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
Sept. 5—9t; date of first publication  
Sept. 5-08.

You Can Rely on the  
Healthfulness and Purity of

## Lily Milk

Statistics prove that tens of thousands of lives (particularly those of young children) are lost yearly in the United States through the medium of germ infected UNSTERILIZED milk.

LILY MILK is the very essence of milk purity. It is taken from the healthiest of cows under the most hygienic conditions. To absolutely insure its purity it is thoroughly sterilized, thereby eliminating even the remotest possibility of infection.

Can YOU—from a simple health standpoint, afford to use any other milk than LILY MILK?

Thousands are using it exclusively.

It pays to be on the safe side.

PACIFIC CREAMERY CO.

LOS ANGELES.

## East and Return Cheap

SEASON OF 1908

### Sale Dates for Eastern Points

September 15 and 16.	
Chicago	\$72.50
St. Louis	67.50
Omaha	60.00
New Orleans	67.50
Kansas City	60.00
St. Paul	73.50
Minneapolis	73.50
Memphis	67.50
New York City	108.50
Boston	110.50
Philadelphia	108.50
Baltimore	107.50
Washington, D. C.	107.50
Montreal	108.50
Toronto	94.40
Houston	60.00

Besides many other points.  
Long time limits.  
Kansas City, \$60.00; Sept. 23, 24, 25.  
Denver, \$55.00; Sept. 14, 15, 21 to 27.  
Albuquerque, Sept. 23 to 27.  
Rate to be announced later.  
Choice of Northern or Southern Routes.  
Go one way; return another.  
Ask for information at City Ticket Office.

600 South Spring Street, Corner 6th.  
or at Arcade Station, 5th St. and Central Ave.

SOUTHERN  
PACIFIC

## Herbold & Lindsey

Enterprise Trunk Factory

F 3399 654 S. Spring St.